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Events of the Week.

THE exact position in Serbia at this moment is difficult to discover. If the Serbs hold any of their country it can only be a narrow ribbon about Monastir, which broadens to an attenuated triangle against the frontiers of mid-Albania. The wording of some of the enemy *communiqués* suggests that, though compelled, the retreat was orderly, and that the Serbs were sufficiently organized to offer resistance on the last foot of their territory. Prizrend, on the borders of Albania, was captured on Sunday by the Bulgars. The German report states that 3,000 prisoners and eight cannon were taken at the same time. The Bulgar official report adds a little color to this sober estimate in its claim to have captured "the remains of the Serbian army." As the German official survey, published before the fall of Prizrend, estimated the remains of the Serbian army at over 100,000, the full artistry of the Bulgar report may be appreciated. The German survey, while remarking the skill and bravery of the Serbs, was at pains to claim even greater qualities for the Austro-Germans and the Bulgars. They penetrated the "impenetrable roads" and passed "impassable mountains." The number of prisoners claimed is "over 100,000." As the estimate is unlikely to err on the side of modesty, it seems certain that the Serbian army has retired intact and in numbers greater than was at first thought possible

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THE fate of Monastir is still unknown. The latest reports state that the Serbs are resisting upon a semi-circular front in advance of the town. The Bulgars are

reported to have advanced to Kenali, near the Monastir-Salonika railway, south-east of Monastir. They are thus working round the flank of the Serb army, and, consequently, round the flank of the Allies, who have withdrawn their front to the left bank of the Tchernia. A suggestion has been made that the Bulgars are waiting for the Germans to take Monastir; but it seems more probable that the immediate future of the town is a diplomatic and not a military question. This is the more probable, as the official Bulgar report states that the capture of Prizrend "will probably be the end of the campaign against Serbia." Winter has set in, and it is bitter weather in Albania and Macedonia. The stream of refugees who are straggling through the hill country have suffered death, starvation, every kind of physical misery. It will be an unpardonable oversight if relief measures have not been carefully organized on the line of their retreat.

* * *

ON the Russian front there have been several significant movements during the week. Ruzsky has succeeded in ejecting the Germans from Bersemunde, which they took last week. During Sunday night a bombardment was opened by the Germans in the neighborhood of the village, Kazimirichki, and at dawn the infantry advanced. They were met by so fierce a fire that they were compelled to withdraw, and the Russians, advancing in a counter attack, succeeded in capturing part of Illukst, which had been in the hands of the enemy since October 22nd. Lying near the river, and but a few miles north-west of Dwinsk, Illukst was the most important point on the Riga-Dwinsk sector seized by the Germans for some two months. On the same night Russian irregular but organized troops made a brilliant dash into the German lines south of Pinsk, in the Pripet Marshes, and penetrated to the headquarters of a German division. They killed the guard and captured two generals, one the divisional commander, and three other officers. The northern operations were affairs of some tactical importance; the southern adventure means little except that the Russians are in admirable spirits.

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ITALY seems to be within sight of the capture of Gorizia, which is, in effect, the key to Trieste and the naval base, Pola. She already holds the coast railway to Trieste, but it cannot be used while the enemy retains his hold upon Gorizia to the north. Gorizia stands on another line which supplies Trieste. Its strength is the tangle of mountains which stand as sentinels about it, and offer splendid positions for defensive warfare. The towns and villages fall on the capture of the surrounding heights. Italy has concentrated a great weight of artillery against Gorizia, and little by little is closing in upon the town and bridge-head, the capture of which would allow the deployment of a fairly large force against Trieste. The whole of the Italian campaign, so far, has been a model of fine strategical and tactical work, and the fall of Gorizia would put our Allies within easy reach of a great prize, Trieste.

BARON SONNINO, the Italian Foreign Minister, made an entirely opportune speech in the Chamber on Thursday. He stated that Italy had signed a declaration "renewing" the agreement between Great Britain, France, Russia, and Japan not to negotiate a separate peace. The adhesion of Italy took place on November 30th, that is to say when the Austro-German and Bulgar conquest of Serbia was complete, a fact which should have a profound significance for neutral Powers as well as for the enemy. Baron Sonnino further stated that Serbia's political and economic independence was vital to Italy's existence as a great Power. Italy was prepared to do her share in revictualling and remuniting the Serbs on the other side of the Adriatic. The situation in Greece had been happily cleared up, and she had consented to give the necessary assurance. The reference to Serbia does not, we think, point to an Italian expedition in the Adriatic, but it is clearly a pledge of naval and economic assistance. In other words, Italy will take part in the *revanche* of the spring.

THE Kaiser's sudden visit this week to Vienna has been followed by a "purge" in the Austrian Ministry. Whether these events are related as cause and effect is not certainly known, but the guess is irresistible. The three Ministers whose "resignations have been accepted," are those whose offices were interested in two vital questions over which German and Austrian policy are divided. The first of these is the Polish question, on which the Minister of the Interior, Baron von Udynski, who usually acted with the Polish Club, held views favorable to Polish independence. The second is the inclusion of Austria within the German Customs Union, a policy to which most Austrian business men are opposed, though the popular parties might possibly see in it an approach to freer trade. On this point the bureaucracy generally, and the two ex-Ministers of Finance and Commerce in particular, shared the prevalent view of Austrian industrialists. The substitution of three new bureaucrats for three old ones is not a great event, but the three new Ministers all bear German names, and though their personalities are not widely known, two at least of them are said to be by their social and business ties in especially close touch with German circles.

In this, the Kaiser may have had the aid of the Hungarians, who welcome the suppression of Austrian by German Imperialism. As the Austro-Hungarian Ausgleich falls to be renewed shortly, they may have something tangible to gain from the humiliation of Vienna. On the other issue in dispute we know little of German plans, if, indeed, they are fully formed. Austria wanted a united pro-Austrian Polish kingdom. German Imperialists cherish plans for the colonization of Poland by Germans, and its exploitation by German industry; but, subject to this, it is possible that they might allow some deceptive show of political independence to the Poles. Austria has got what she wanted from the war, the breaking of Serbia. In return for this, it is probable that she will have to accept the economic policy which is a leading motive of modern German militarism. The South Slav question is settled (for the moment) to Austria's liking, and Germany, in return, is now taking steps to create her Central-European and Near Eastern Zollverein.

THE history of Austria's attitude towards the German Customs Union is rather curious. In its early days, before the creation of the Empire, Austria sought

to enter it, and would have been welcomed by the Southern Kingdoms, but Prussia by indirect means defeated her intention. As the industrial efficiency of Germany developed during the next generation, the less robust industry of Austria began to congratulate itself on a happy escape. Austrian industry has exploited the Hungarian and Balkan markets, and it dreads German competition both in its home market and beyond the frontiers of Austria. Early in this war the ideal of a Central European Zollverein was proclaimed in Berlin by influential and probably semi-official writers as one of its leading aims. Poland and other border provinces of Russia were to be brought within it. Austria, excluded by Bismarck, would now be graciously admitted. Turkey, the Balkan States, Scandinavia, Holland, and Belgium might also be persuaded or forced to enter it, and a great area of internal free trade, dominated by German energy and organization, would thus stretch from Antwerp to Bagdad. In this way the British ascendancy at sea might be neutralized by a "Continental system."

UNFORTUNATELY for the Pan-Germans, their programme aroused no enthusiasm in their chief ally. A conference of German and Austrian industrialists and economists, which met some months ago, was unable to agree to anything more than a slight revision of the tariff. Austrian industry did not want to be swamped by German imports. Whether the Socialists and other parties which stand for the Austrian consumer would welcome it, we do not know. It is a plausible guess that the Kaiser, in his interview with the aged Francis Joseph, has swept the Austrian opposition aside.

THE Allies are still endeavoring to extract from Greece a satisfactory definition of her "very benevolent neutrality." She is hedging, and an agreement on the concrete points at issue seems as far as ever from attainment. Some German newspapers even assert that Greece still proposes to disarm the Serbs, if they should succeed in escaping from Monastir to Greek territory. Such news as reaches the Allied press does not prepare us for action so hostile as this. So far as we know, the main point at issue turns on the demand of the Allies that the Greek army shall be withdrawn from Salonika and the district round it. This demand may be based, for the sake of politeness, on the difficulty of making a limited port and railway serve the needs both of the Greek and of the Allied forces. The Greeks, on their side, reply that they must stay at Salonika, since they have no facilities for transport and supply elsewhere. Behind this polite discussion, a graver issue may lurk. The real anxiety about the presence of the Greek army at Salonika is that no one feels quite sure what action it may take. While the discussion drags between Greece and the Allies, the Germans, on their side, are beginning to threaten that, unless Greece observes her duties as an ordinary neutral, they will treat her territory as hostile country.

Two issues of great importance arose from a Labor Conference addressed by Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Runciman last Wednesday. The first was the ability of the working-classes to contribute to war finance, the second the Government's control of prices. Mr. Asquith's figures as to the increase of wages and prices dispose pretty completely of the notion that the working-classes, as a whole, have benefited by the war. For general prices have increased 30 per cent., while the rise of wages, even if the 3s. 6d. per week, estimated as the rise in rates for

four and a-half million workers, be doubled so as to include overtime, bonuses, and employment of more members per family, cannot be reckoned at more than 25 per cent. The workers, as a whole, must therefore be worse off than before the war. This is, of course, consistent with Mr. Asquith's statement that "there are very large areas in which the wage-earners are substantially better off than before the war." This is admittedly the case. It follows therefore that large sums now spent upon working-class luxuries could and ought to be contributed to war loans.

* * *

WE hope that Mr. McKenna's able and urgent appeal for this saving may be effective. But is it helped by Mr. Asquith's suggestion that the workers should show their patriotism "by abstaining from pressing demands" for higher wages? We agree that rising wages and rising prices react upon one another, but as prices cannot be fixed at minimum rates, can we expect workers to admit maximum rates for wages? Either both must be fixed or both must be left to the free play of the influences of supply and demand. The proper course is to take any surplus of wages, as of profits, in taxation or by loans. But here too much must not be expected. In face of the constantly rising prices of necessities, the bulk of war bonuses and advances is needed for maintaining the efficiency of working-class families called upon to give an unusual output of labor-power in the emergency of war. No really large contribution from labor is available. Fifty millions would be an extravagant estimate of what is possible, and that could only be obtained by compulsion. There is no lack of working-class patriotism, but rising wages, under present circumstances, are simply not comparable with rising profits as a source of public revenue.

* * *

By far the most pertinent and successful speech was that of Mr. Runciman, who showed both what the Government had done to increase supplies and to keep down prices, and what it was impossible to do without going much further in State interference than his questioners wanted. The information regarding the State purchases of sugar was common property. But Mr. Runciman's disclosures of his great meat and wheat purchases were not generally known, and greatly impressed his audience. Equally successful was his demonstration that a State fixing of minimum prices could only be sustained by the policy of tickets limiting purchases, to which Germany has had recourse. Even this could not prevent prices from rising, as German experience has proved. The discussion showed that the great psychological stumbling-block in the way of working-class saving is the failure of the Government and persons in high places to set an example of economy.

* * *

ON Tuesday, Sir John Simon made an elaborate attack on the "Times" on the ground of its general attitude to the Government and the war. This he declared to be "disconcerting" to our Allies, "encouraging" to our enemies, and calculated to "harden" neutral opinion against us. His chief points in this dossier were the publication of the notorious "Daily Mail" map, in which Germany was represented as dominating the road to India, in the absence of any effective Allied retort by land or by sea, the quoting of letters from soldiers and Colonials, showing the disheartening effect of the general tone of the "Times," and the evidence that this line of criticism had been eagerly

caught up by German newspapers and turned to our disadvantage. The Home Secretary did not suggest that any punitive action would be taken against the "Times" or other members of the Northcliffe Press, but hinted that he had opened the account against it in a "tender" fashion. His general conclusion was that the "Times" attitude was the greatest of German assets, and that it was endangering the national safety.

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THIS indictment was answered by Mr. Ronald McNeill, who suggested that the House had emphasized the "Times" indiscretions and omitted those of Liberal newspapers. Incidentally, Mr. McNeill made the false charge against THE NATION that it had declared that it would rather lose the war than lose voluntary service. He has been called on to withdraw this statement or substantiate it. He has taken the first course in a letter to the "Times" without the accompanying apology, and with the inept confession that he had libelled THE NATION without reading it. One or two members, Liberal and Conservative, thought that Sir John Simon's indictment was excessive. Lord Robert Cecil, on behalf of the Foreign Office, gave it a general support, severely denouncing the "Daily Mail" map, while Mr. Dillon suggested that there was a struggle between the "Times" on the one hand and the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Kitchener on the other, and that one or other of the parties to it must fall.

* * *

THE Merthyr Tydvil election has resulted in the sweeping return of Mr. Stanton, who may be described as the independent candidate of labor against Mr. Winstone, who was thought to be the candidate of the Independent Labor Party. The figures were: Stanton, 10,286; Winstone, 6,080. Mr. Winstone's personal attitude to the war was as correct as the Prime Minister's, but Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's help seems to have made Merthyr Tydvil doubtful on the point. Mr. Stanton's more powerful personality, and the united support of the Liberal and Conservative voters, did the rest. But it would be a great mistake to let it go out to the world that of Mr. Winstone's 6,080 voters, other than a tiny fraction could, even in a lax sense, be called "pro-German." In fact, pro-Germanism does not exist in this country. The truth is that we are and always have been far more united about this war than about the wars of Napoleon.

* * *

WE cannot think that the cause of the country is served by such proceedings as the breaking-up, largely, it is said, by the use of forged tickets, of Monday night's meeting of the Union of Democratic Control. We know little of the work of this society, but we believe it claims to concern itself, not with the conduct of the war, or the demand for an immediate or a premature peace, but with the future management of our own foreign affairs. This is a proper subject of discussion, even in war-time, when so few things are discussed, and we imagine that Sir Edward Grey would be the first man to say so. The nation must begin to think of its future as deeply and calmly as it may. Violent suppression of such thought or speech, wise or unwise, merely exaggerates the dissident element in the national will (if it exists), and is made much of by our enemies as a sign of disunion. The average German, for example, will certainly say that the row at the Memorial Hall was between anti-Germans and pro-Germans—really a gross misunderstanding.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PLIGHT OF AUSTRIA.

THE visit of the German Emperor to Vienna, followed by the dismissal of three non-military Ministers, may prove to be a critical event in the war. Probably the immediate cause of their dismissals arose from Germany's desire to force the issue of an Austro-German Zollverein. In any case the incident suggests that all is not well with the Dual Monarchy. Such scanty news as reaches us from behind the cordon of ships and trenches goes far to bear out this belief. For every item that Germany is suffering, Austria is suffering two. For every resolution of warfare that Prussia possesses, Austria possesses less than a half. A year ago indeed, with Galicia lost, the disaster and disgrace of the Serbian expedition, and the Russians thundering at Cracow and sweeping over the barrier of the Carpathians, Austria seemed at her last gasp as a belligerent Power. She was pulled together in part by the courage of the Hungarians (a war-loving aristocracy living practically on slave labor), in part by the taking over of the higher commands by the Germans, and the admixture in brigades or divisions of German and Austrian battalions.

Yet the experiment has not been entirely successful. Vienna society deeply resents the omnipresence of the truculent Prussian; for Vienna is, on the whole, easy-going, light-hearted, good mannered, and not overburdened with the Prussian demand for conquest and supremacy. In the great advance against Russia, it is the divisions with the largest adulteration of Austrians which have first been beaten to a standstill and then thrown backward with the loss of thousands of prisoners. The Italians for nearly a month have been battering on the Isonzo, and the Austrian battalions, while denying them victory, have acknowledged enormous losses, and seem doubtful as to the result. Were the Italians to break through here there is Trieste on one side, and the march to Vienna on the other, to trouble the mind of the Austrian Military Staff. On the south-east, Roumania is incalculable. Entry into Bulgaria is in part assured. But the chief use of that entry was to obtain food, and the comparatively small stock of food that Bulgaria possesses will probably go to Germany. In the same way in Poland, the Prussians are requisitioning quantities of the little food still left, the Austrians are left with a modicum, the Poles starve. The great object of the war to the Austrian Empire—the smashing of Serbia—has been accomplished. Nowhere else can they look for conquest or victory; nowhere else for gain. A reign of terror prevails in Bosnia and Croatia, while whole regiments (Czech principally) have been degraded, and many shot for refusing to fight. The Reichsrath has not met; parts of the country are under martial law. The losses in the field have been enormous; Russia has eaten up quantities of "cannon fodder," and many of the Austrian prisoners in Serbia have died. There can be little doubt that something like panic

accompanies the entrance of the Central Powers into another winter of war.

There are thus three questions of difficulty to which no solution can be found. There is, first, the fact that although no German has been called to the colors over forty-five in Austria, men up to fifty-two have been compelled to become soldiers, and still at the Bukovina and the Isonzo the life-blood of the nation is steadily bleeding away. There is, secondly, the difficulty with Hungary over the renewal of the "Ausgleich," with a profound suspicion in that country that Hungarian interests are being squeezed out before a kind of Pan-Germanism. There is, third, the difficulty of Poland, over whose future, judged by the newspaper Press, the Central Powers are nearly at blows—the Poles desiring Austrian happy-go-lucky methods, and revolting against the harsh, truculent treatment of Prussian rule, and both discussing a problem which they will never have to solve, for neither will have a voice in the fate of Poland at the end. Over all is the dominant fear of food famine—voiced principally by the Socialists but acknowledged by all. A ruined Galicia has stopped all supply from that quarter. The Austrian Army have themselves destroyed the pig importation that came from Serbia and the south. The blockade is complete in the Adriatic. And they have occupied in the business of war the peasants who formerly raised in the West their little crops of mixed produce, and the serfs who, in the great plains of Hungary, gathered in the largest cereal harvest of Europe outside Russia. In Vienna, the Socialist "Arbeiter" describes daily the crowd of famished women fighting for fats and other foods. Even the large middle-class papers have joined in the cry, and openly mock the Burgomaster, who gives short, distracted speeches to the repeated deputations which come to him, and yet does nothing. He cannot get his fat, his pigs, and his milk, which the wives of the soldiers desire, and the lowering of maximum prices, even the first appearance of the ticket-system for butter, only end in disaster. The German Socialists call on the Premier and Minister of the Interior, demanding that Hungary shall supply a minimum amount of meat and fat. If this be impossible, they demand that the Minister of War should requisition from Hungary a larger proportion of the supplies necessary for the army. They ask that only the communes should be allowed to purchase food in Russian Poland. They declare that for such operations as trench-digging physical strength cannot be kept up at the price and on the money allowed. And they obtain no satisfaction from such an interview.

But it is probable that the conference of the two Emperors had for its subject a deeper question than the existence of privation or even the ebb and flow of war. With a startling unanimity all the chief Austrian and Hungarian papers and many of their leading statesmen, like Count Andrassy, one of the leaders of the Opposition, have begun to propound the idea that the age of small nationalities is dead. They do not denounce these small nationalities; there is even a half-friendly tone towards

them—a tone towards Serbia, for example, very different from the fury of hate of fifteen months ago. They recognize that small nationalities have a place and an occupation in the world, but that the world has now come of necessity, owing to means of communication, national protection, &c., to be a place of large aggregates to which all small nations must be linked. The doctrine is preached in newspapers so diverse as the "Neue Freie Presse" and the "Arbeiter." A great "Central European Solidarity" adequate to deal with England and France, on the one hand, and the growing millions of Russia on the other, is the idea advocated, and into this must be fitted such indefensible entities as Poland and Belgium and Serbia. It is the negation of the doctrine of nationality, elevated into the form of religion; internationalism, but with none of the advantages of real internationalism; tigers instead of tiger cubs; conscripted, fully armed, competing with protective tariffs and every implement of human destruction for the overlordship of the world.

It is, in short, the vision of a world in which anybody who cared for anything but fierce commercial competition, backed by armies and fleets of incredible size, might well wish himself dead. The Austrian Socialists hold up for terrible examples the fates of Poland, Belgium, and Serbia. They assert that it is an evil destiny to be born of a small State. They pour scorn on the ideal of so many nations, so many States. They express, indeed, a passionate desire for peace; they denounce the spirit which elevates war as something which ennobles and releases from the petty cares of life. They appeal from the journalists scribbling at home about the glories of war to the soldier himself, who has learnt to know that war is a wild force overcoming all that is human, and who carries within himself the profound desire to chain up the destructive fury of the brute. "Whoever knows what war is, is bound to long for the arrival of peace." We also in London long for the arrival of peace; but that "Christmas Peace" which has been indicated, can never carry with it the murder of the small nations we have sworn to protect, as well as of neutrals who have to be killed because they are not "big enough to live."

THE CONQUEST OF SERBIA.

THE operations against Serbia actually began upon August 25th, shortly after the fall of Brest. The Germans did, indeed, create another salient in the Russian position, and sought to envelop the forces within it. But the major operations upon the Eastern front ended with the failure to envelop the Russians at Brest. This was the second empty cage which the Germans had seized, and no one who has studied the attacks upon Kovno and Novo Georgievsk, and the whipped advance from Warsaw can fail to be impressed with the extravagant rate at which the enemy bartered men for positions. The

only explanation is the obvious reflection that the Germans hoped to exchange German divisions for Russian armies. But the divisions melted away and the armies did not appear. The Kaiser refused decorations at Warsaw, on the ground that the costly attack had failed of its effect. When Brest fell, the German plans for the Serbian adventure were already matured, and the units were refitted and concentrated for the purpose. The heavy artillery which had assisted General Arz in his attack upon the outer defences of the fortress was laboriously moved south and accumulated along the Serbian frontier.

The report of the Serbian campaign issued by the German headquarters is in effect a palimpsest. When all the grandiose phrases and pompous sentences have been scraped away, there is left the record of a valiant little army, which the report itself estimates at little more than 200,000, attacked upon all sides by overwhelming odds, including abundance of heavy artillery, holding a coveted railway for two months, and only retreating at the end of that time, practically disarmed, to the mountains. The German sentences ring like trampling horses. "Neither impenetrable roads nor impassable mountains thickly clad with snow, nor the absence of reinforcements" could check the victorious advance of the mighty three against the insignificant one. The odd questions will recur: why were they so long about it and why these "deplorable" losses, "extremely moderate" though they were, and, finally, what have they gained?

The position of Serbia faced with such a campaign was unenviable. The country is a rough parallelogram with two long and two short sides. Hardly a quarter of its long frontier was immune from the thrust of the enemy. Austria and Bulgaria compass Serbia with a sickle, and the campaign has been the movement of that sickle towards the south-west. On October 6th the Austro-Germans began their attack over the whole of the frontier opposed to them, and the prudent Bulgars only opened operations when their allies had given assurance of their power by securing a footing across the Danube from Belgrade to Semendria. Once the Bulgars opened hostilities, the campaign acquired a new orientation, and its fate depended upon them almost entirely. The Serbs, indeed, seem to have found the Austro-Germans so little formidable, in spite of the Mackensen "phalanx," that they made their one significant error of judgment. They held too long against the Danube front. In spite of the storm of eleven and twelve inch guns, the Serbs, even at the end of October, were holding advanced positions in the north-eastern corner of the country. The really critical area was the district about Uskub, against which the second Bulgarian army, under General Todoroff, was sent to operate on October 14th. Marshal Putnik probably or possibly thought himself justified in apportioning weaker forces to the defence of this area owing to the treaty with Greece and the assurance of help from the Allies. But he must have known early that the Greeks did not intend to help, and that the Allies were concentrating slowly. Yet Uskub was the key to the situation, and Velea is the key of Uskub. He

may have felt justified in entrusting to the Allies the capture and retention of Veles; but he risked not only the envelopment of this main force, but also its starvation. Uskub commands the avenue by which alone a thrust could be made at the rear of the Serbian main army and also the only road by which the Allies could keep in touch with and, therefore supply, the Serbs. Uskub and Veles, after several changes, were left in Bulgar hands towards the end of the month, just when the Serbs were approaching their strongest defensive positions, but were also near the end of their munitions.

It was at this point that General Joffre visited London and prevailed upon the Government to undertake serious operations in Serbia. But by this time it was too late. Streams of fugitives were flying before the Serb Army, just when its retreat began to be made under greater compulsion. Greece could hardly remain unaffected by the advance of the Bulgars, and the momentary triumph of Venezelos only served to throw in relief the fact that the King and the army meant to play for safety. With small resources at his command, and the insecurity about his base, Sarraïl could do no more than he did; and that was nothing. From this point to the end of the campaign, the part of the Allies consisted in retaining a front seat to look on.

The Bulgars from the beginning fought an almost faultless campaign. They suffered reverses, but that would happen to any army operating against a force so recklessly brave, commanded by a first-rate general who knows his country as well as Hindenburg his marshes. The capture of mountain positions consists in manœuvring so that strong positions are turned, and the defender must either descend to fight or evacuate them. The odds are heavily against the assailant. The Babouna position, the key to Prilep and Monastir, was taken in this way, and the road to Monastir laid open. After the end of October the Serbs were hampered by failing supplies, and although they fought not only gallantly but skilfully, they were compelled to fall back at an increasing rate, leaving more prisoners and material in the hands of the enemy. The rate of advance can be seen by comparing the enemy front on November 1st and a month later, when the Serbs had been compelled to fall back from their own territory almost entirely. They have not lost the "incalculable" war material of which the German survey speaks. They have taken with them most of their field artillery, and even the bulk of the heavier guns that were movable and valuable enough to retain. They have retreated into Montenegro and Northern Albania. The army is still in being, and may muster some 120,000 or so. In the territory upon which they have fallen back it should be easy to revictual and remunition them, and they will form a most useful and far from insignificant wing if the Allies choose to stand and contemplate an advance in the future.

But the "great operations" of the enemy are now "brought to a close," says the report of the German Staff. How far this is to be taken literally is difficult to say. It may mean that the Germans do not intend to pursue the Serbs into the mountain country, which now lies

deep in snow, where they might find their enemy more formidable than ever before. If it does not mean this, then, and in any case, it may be said that the great operations of the Allies have not yet begun. What is our end in this Balkan campaign? Is it not to immobilize as great a proportion of the enemy as possible? Both the Germans and the Bulgars have lost heavily, and their position is hardly enviable. They cannot merely hold against the numerous blows which threaten. That would mean to immobilize a huge force over against the whole boundary of Montenegro, Northern Albania, Macedonia, Rumania, and the Bulgarian coast. What then has Germany gained? She has a precarious hold upon the avenue to Constantinople. It is admitted that, at the moment, she is short of munitions. So, the chance of sending them to Turkey is not worth what she has lost, and the tangle in which she finds herself. The cadres she has sent to Turkey she could always have sent. Turkey can find work for all the reinforcements she has at command. The campaign seems to have been, in reality, a political gamble to distract the Allies and gain Balkan support. There may be an immediate appearance of victory. But, so far as one can see, the ultimate prize is a white elephant.

THE GOVERNMENT AND "THE TIMES."

It seems to us, after reading Tuesday's debate on the conduct of "The Times" and its allied newspapers, that the Government are doing either too much or too little to them. Either they are exaggerating the power of the written word, or they are under-estimating it. Either the "Times" has done lasting injury to the Allied cause, or its words, like thousands of idle words spoken in these exciting times, have drifted down the stream and been lost in the general current of disturbance. If the Government take the latter view, it was not worth while spending an evening in fighting, not Germany, but Lord Northcliffe. But it is clear that this is not their opinion. Sir John Simon formally charged the "Times" and its consorts with the triple offence of "encouraging the enemy," "disconcerting our Allies," and "hardening neutral opinion against us." His chain of evidence was of unequal force, and the "Times" is able to dispose of one or two links in it. But it was a chain, and we cannot think that the "Times" can take pride in the workmanship its discloses. In the days when opinion in the Near East was in a critical stage, said the Home Secretary, the "Daily Mail" published a map, indicating by a combined use of lines and letterpress an array of German armies in command of vast areas in Europe, and advancing on the way to the Far East and India, with no evidence of a resisting force on the part of the Allies—a German fleet in possession in the North Sea, with a line twice as long as ours, and in undisputed mastery of the Baltic. The suggestion, therefore, was, not merely of a general German victory on land, but of a sufficient German control of the seas, a proposition

which even the German Staff would hardly advance on its own initiative. This map, continued Sir John Simon, was reproduced by the Germans, with an inscription in seven languages, including Arabic, and circulated in the Ottoman Empire. Or, take another example. Lord Robert Cecil, who has no ill-will to the Northcliffe press, and stated the case against it with great moderation, declared, on behalf of the Foreign Office, that the method and manner of the articles on conscription "had had a most discouraging effect on our position in Bulgaria." In other words, the opinion of the Government is that the "Times" and the Continental "Mail" have seriously damaged the Allied cause. Then why were they not prosecuted under the Defence of the Realm Act, whose enactments they have, on this reading of their policy, clearly contravened? Why at least was not the "Mail" prohibited access to the troops, whose *moral*, in Sir John Simon's view, it has seriously affected. Neither action has been taken. The "Times" group of newspapers are vigorously belabored in the House of Commons, drawing abundant advertisement from the process, and declaring in their next morning issues their obvious intention to pursue the work which the Home Secretary describes as encouraging our enemies, discouraging our troops and friends, and alienating neutrals from our cause.

Now it is neither malice nor professional jealousy to state what are the motives of the "Times," and why the Government show hesitancy in dealing with it. The "Times" desires to force the abdication of the Prime Minister, the retirement of Sir Edward Grey, and the replacement of these statesmen and most of their Liberal colleagues by a group or a Junta which, whether Mr. Lloyd George or another were its nominal director, would in effect be chosen by itself. Other journals, which take their cue from the "Times," are plainly working for a Conservative administration, without informing the country of the elements of fresh strength it is to derive from the change. There is no crime in this. Journalism is apt to be seized of this ambition, or this *folie de grandeur*, as we choose to call it. The conductor of the "Times" may honestly think that the ship of State is being mis-directed, and that a fresh hand at the helm would give it the right turn. We believe that most Englishmen of the governing class, and also of the working class (to take the two extremes of political opinion), regard such an enterprise, pursued at such an hour, to be unwise or even desperate, and are determined that it shall fail. But it is the instinct of our constitutional statesmanship to give the utmost latitude to criticism which concerns opinion or personal judgment; for otherwise we might be living under a press law such as Napoleon devised for the maintenance of his civil and military power. There is the further question that though there is nothing so ill concerning the war as the "Times" or the "Mail" represents, some things have gone by no means well. The campaign suffers from a certain languor—a *status lymphaticus*—an ailment partly inherent in the character of the alliance and of the generalship that

supports it, and partly, maybe, in our own conduct of it. Why, then, the critic of the Administration may urge, further deplete an already enfeebled flow of independent criticism, even if it be here and there enforced by a too impatient or too sombre spirit? Light may come from such a source, though it be a distorted light, as well as fresh blood and energy, parents of success in war. Nor is it out of place to warn our governors that the combined system of threat and warning in which the Press now lives, has shaken its nerve, and in some degree deflected its judgment, so that the nation is in real danger of taking to its bosom soft words instead of hard facts. The country needs to think about the war and about the peace that will come after the war. It is vital to summon it to a keen and prolonged activity of soul. Nevertheless, the atmosphere in which it is living is provocative of anything but thought.

These are in themselves undeniable propositions. But we must consider them in relation to the method by which the "Times," the "Mail," and the "Evening News" pursue their domestic end. We live in an age peculiarly open to "suggestion"; and the bond of the Entente, the members of which are separated from each other not only in space but in character, is spiritual as well as material. If it is being eaten into by the steady representation, not of an error in strategy, but of a pervading slackness in Government, in war-making, in national spirit, then the nations which depend so vitally on us for staying power may well despair of further association with us in arms or in policy. The "Times" merely wants to pull down Mr. Asquith; but its charge, like that of a careless miner in the trenches, is laid at the base of the Allied position.

Is this true? The "Times" does not seriously defend itself. Ignoring the "Daily Mail" map and the substance of Sir John Simon's speech, it insists that the attack on it is, in the main, an affair of Fleet Street jealousies or of personal animosities in the Administration. But the Foreign Office is, we suppose, the most impersonal office in our Government; and for the last few decades it has been as conspicuously separated from general British journalism as it has been closely affiliated to Printing House Square. When, therefore, it protests and warns, it is only because, through its thousand connections with foreign feeling, it knows that this sapping influence has now and then made the ground tremble under our feet. A more ruthless, a more united, Government would long ago have swept such a peril away, endangering in the process, we do not doubt, some remnants of the liberty on which, in other directions, it has made inroads that alarm and disquiet us. It is not strong, and the "Times," we are afraid, counts on sources of weakness which the Prime Minister is unable to reveal. But it would be a grave matter if at such an hour the power of mere circulation and insinuation were used to enfeeble the moral force of the Empire; and we hope of Lord Northcliffe that at the last hour this truth will be brought home to him.

WHAT IS OUR MAXIMUM RECRUITMENT?

WE hope that the Government have not, as they sometimes seem to do, abandoned the attempt to govern, and adopted the rôle of spectator. Certainly their withdrawal from the field in favor of Lord Derby has led to a real and most regrettable confusion on the subject of recruiting. Conscription is now threatened, or at least there are many who understand it to be threatened, unless practically the whole fit male population of military age enrolls itself before December 11th.

The position is so confusing that it is worth while examining the whole question of national recruitment. At present there seems to be no sort of assurance that Lord Derby is not aiming at a wholly unattainable figure. Now it is impossible to challenge the proposition that there is a certain maximum number which can be mobilized for war. This is as clear as the demonstrable fact that there is, at a given moment, a fixed number of males of military age in a country. No nation can mobilize more than this number; and no nation can mobilize even the whole of this number. The men who fight must be supplied with food, clothing, and munitions, which must be made and transported to the front, and it is certain that the mining, munition making, transport making, repair, and working cannot be carried on merely by men below nineteen and above forty, with the help of the women. The same factor which makes the men beyond the military limits unfit for military service renders them unfit for the heavier parts of the occupations subsidiary but essential to the operations of war. To some extent the maximum number of men of military age must be drawn upon for such work. It must also be tapped for all the heavier and more skilled work of the numerous occupations which keep the rest of the nation alive and able to redress the economic balance of the wasteful activity of war. Whatever the number at which we estimate this contribution from the military eligibles, the conclusion is irresistible that there is a certain maximum recruitment beyond which no nation can go.

That the maximum recruitment forms a definite ratio to the total population dependent upon its industrial organization is another proposition which can hardly be resisted. In effect, the ratio varies inversely with the industrial organization. In wholly disorganized and primitive States, it is possible that the only limit to the number of effectives in the field may be the number of effectives. And States which are more agricultural and less given to industry will probably be able to place a greater number of men in the field. The very organized apparatus which gives a greater wealth to a country, and thereby enables it the more easily to support large armies in the field, at the same time makes its definite and inevitable claim upon the nation's manhood. Modern railway transport, for instance, while it gives a definite advantage in time, also makes a heavy call upon the skilled labor of young and strong men for its working, repair, and supervision. Railways cannot be used continuously for heavy traffic without wearing out rolling stock and even the permanent way. Similarly with textile manufactures, and so on. Every advance makes

its additional charge upon the number of men who can be sent to the front by claiming more of them itself.

Now the numbers of soldiers who have taken the field for nations, when called upon for their last efforts, are known. Some nations have been put to this supreme test on more than one occasion. Prussia is one instance. And it is to be noted that the maximum armies of nations put to such a strain do not exceed 10 or 11 per cent. of the total population. If we say that 10 per cent. is the maximum, we are probably correct to within 1 per cent. There are many reasons for this ratio being so much lower than the sensationally minded imagine. It is, of course, clear that a great number of the males of each year will be inefficient for military service. Many will simply not be robust enough to bear a long or even a sudden strain; and since Army organization can never descend to a continual shepherding of the weak from positions which may impose a temporary strain, these have to be eliminated for the sake of the efficiency of the Army as a whole. Then there are men whose sight is inferior, men with slight bodily defects which militate against military efficiency, men with bad teeth, and so on. Disqualifications for such reasons, while only about 25 per cent. at the lower ages, rise to over 40 per cent. at the higher. Over the whole range and for the whole number of men of military age, about 30 per cent. may be deducted for inefficiency. Then there must be considerable deductions for the heavier work of the subsidiary services and for the services which keep the civil population in being. France, with a population of about thirty-nine millions, has mobilized a little over four millions. Germany, at the same rate, can put some seven to eight millions in the field. Russia could mobilize, from first to last, about sixteen millions. And there is no case in modern history of a nation conspicuously exceeding this ratio. Now, the population of the United Kingdom is about 47,000,000. *Even if we were a conscript country, therefore, our maximum recruitment should be only 4,700,000, and before August 5th we had recruited 64 per cent. of this number.*

It is, however, clear that the maximum recruitment can only be reached where the country is wholly given over to the end of war. If a nation were engaged, say, in combating a plague or suppressing a revolution, it is obvious that the maximum could not be attained. The maximum recruitment for this country, therefore, if it were a conscript nation and if it were playing but one rôle, would be only 4.7 millions. As it is acting as banker to the Allies, with all that that implies of keeping the normal peace activity of the country going, it is almost impossible that so large a number of men can be withdrawn from work. Any list of starred industries which does not include those which supply exportable commodities sufficient to maintain the exchange and sustain our financial solvency is simply illusory. There is a further charge upon the maximum recruitment which, if not quite so grave, is more immediately grave. No nation can put in the field numbers beyond those for which it has cadres. It is remarkable that we have found cadres for three million men; but the fact that all our non-success has come through faults of leading tells its

own tale. The War Office is not now granting commissions to men without experience. This may be put in other words: the War Office is at present granting few commissions. We have lost very heavily in officers already. No one can doubt this who reads the casualty lists. We are not heavily recruiting officers. Whence, then, are to come the cadres which will turn the masses of men actually enlisted, and those enrolled, into soldiers efficient for the purposes of modern war? This is a question which must not be burked. So far as one can see, it would have been a far better plan to recruit at most two million men and train them as perfectly as possible than to embark on this scheme of enrolling an indefinite number, when already considerably over 64 per cent. of the maximum recruitment of a modern conscript State are under arms.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I AM afraid there is one bad result of the debate on the offences of the "Times," and that is that the country has its mind shifted from the things that ought to be concerning it very deeply. I am not sure that the most urgent of them all is not the *dragging* of the war—the absence of freshness of ideas from the high commands. Even the Navy, as Mr. Hurd appropriately reminds us, has somewhat slackened from its earlier initiative. Is that surprising? We have at least one man of genius for maritime war on these shores. Lord Fisher was a great admiral when he was at sea; he was undeniably a great war-director in the too few weeks during which he was called to the Admiralty. What does the nation owe to Lord Fisher? Well, three things at least. His will and intelligence combined yielded the naval victory of the war—the Battle of the Falkland Islands, with its incalculable results on the following strategy. He organized our successful defence against the submarine. And he rescued the Fleet, and the British Empire, from the immeasurable peril with which Mr. Churchill threatened it when the First Lord pressed for a third forcing assault on the Dardanelles. This last feat cost Lord Fisher his place. He is now, I believe, doing something in the chemical line. What was his fault? He saved the country. That is all.

THIS does not seem "good business." How is it brought about? Two rapid, powerful intelligences come into conflict. One of them, the trained intelligence, was right; the other, the untrained one, was wrong. In the result both go. The conduct of the war is placed in the hands of four politicians and one soldier of Eastern rather than Western experience, who will debate the reports they receive from their military advisers, and hand them on to another and larger body of politicians. Yet all the while a quite extraordinary, highly tried, and entirely successful genius for one kind of war is at hand,

and is not consulted at the moment when issues arise to which his special kind of knowledge (Lord Fisher was long in command in the Levant) applies. I suppose there are reasons of etiquette or administrative propriety which prevent the Prime Minister from sending Lord Fisher back to his old post at the Admiralty. But is that a reason for not adding him to the War Council? I think the country will not long stand a complete divorce of the highest skill in sea-war from the most tremendous trial of our sea-strength and sea-wits that British history has ever known.

AFTER the experiences of the last few weeks a good many people are inclined to ask Lord Derby the question—"Who made *thee* to rule over us?" The discontent is wide and grave. I am not speaking so much of the ways of the canvassers, though these have produced much friction, unpopularity, and social trouble. Nor can the success of the process of collecting men be doubted. An enormous number have been gathered in. But the directing methods? All Lord Lansdowne's precautions as to the saving of "starred" men, all the machinery of the Registration Act, have been thrown away. The absolute necessity of keeping workers in the essential, the "pivotal," industries has been neglected. It is common talk in the railway world that a fresh raid on this prohibited area was only just averted, and that by the most energetic action. Trouble has arisen from the preliminary scrapping of the Prime Minister's plan of taking what was left after vital industrial needs have been satisfied. The result is confusion. Scores of thousands of workers have had to be snatched from the tactless hands laid upon them. Thousands of others who have been drawn in must be returned to the ranks of labor, unless we are to starve or to shut our pockets against our Allies.

THE issue is not just now conscription or no conscription, and all parties are alive to it. It is the anger and embarrassment of our industrials. The *personnel* of the Appeal Committee, devoid of the representation of industry, was, in plain language, an outrage on our commerce, and, unless it is modified, indignation will find free vent. Nor are the local tribunals much better. Many are weak and without serious local influence. I heard of one (in a great industrial centre) consisting of a couple of grocers, a clergyman, a solicitor, and another non-commercial person. Lord Derby has gone to work as if there were no such things as mills and factories and shops and ships and railways. He is a man of great energy. But his earlier public career was largely a warning that tact was not a quality to be expected of him; and the Government which set him to work should have taken preliminary note of that not unimportant fact.

THE speech in the "Times" debate of which nearly the whole House approved was Lord Robert Cecil's. Sir John Simon's was too labored, and the evidence he selected was of unequal value. Lord Robert's, on the other hand, was moderate, but firm; it told

heavily, and as the result its author attracts not merely praise but the kind of expectant attention which greets a rising man. On the whole, Lord Robert makes the best Unionist recruit to the Government. His Foreign Office work, so far as Parliament knows it, is knowledgeable and thorough, excellent in tone and firm in substance. He has indeed a double strength of intellect and character, refined by dissociation from the party atmosphere, which hardened him and italicized faults of temper. He should go far, and to the country's good.

It is good news to hear of Sir Robert Chalmers's return from Ceylon to the Treasury. I know nobody better able to play Grand Vizier to Mr. McKenna's new reign of economy and hard living. Strong hands are needed, and Sir Robert Chalmers will supply them, joined to the method which long and severe training alone gives in such an office as the Treasury. It is a pity that he was not summoned back when the war began. But it will be a relief to the nation to have him now.

So far as the well-to-do club life of London is concerned, the new restrictions on the sale of drink seem to me to have caused no trouble worth the name. Indeed, they harmonize with changes in social habit. Year by year less alcohol is drunk (in women's clubs, of course, it is hardly drunk at all) and less time is taken to drink it. The new regulations merely cut off a bad habit, which is exactly what they were meant to do. It is sumptuary law, and that again is a thing a country ought to expect in time of war.

A WOMAN correspondent writes:—

"Last Friday I went to a little cemetery in France—so sweet and peaceful, and the soldiers' graves are marked by huge shells, with the names scratched on by comrades. Some even had treasured belongings hanging in the shells, and no one would touch or destroy. One brave fellow had his mother's wedding ring fastened to a cross of bayonets. It is a beautiful picture; I would you could see it. The little peasant children bring daily their offering of flowers. Many of our brave London boys lie there. It is not all horror; I have seen some beautiful sights. The little cemetery is just outside . . . and is called the 'Ground of Saints.'"

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A DIAGNOSIS OF PRUSSIANISM.

It is easily admitted that not only the potter's thumb, but his brain, his habits of thought and feeling, his politics and religion are all subdued to "that he works in." It is inevitable that the work by which we gain our livelihood and which absorbs most of our physical and mental energy, should impose its qualities and defects on our thinking. A carpenter will bring his rule and measure and his sense of the tractability of his material into his views of conduct; a gardener will more readily carry over his experience of growth and struggle into an evolutionary philosophy. Educationists are

coming to recognize more fully the uses of hand-work. All sociologists pay serious attention to the influence of primitive occupations upon the social structure and the ideas and valuations which sustain it. They differ, however, widely as to the measure in which, under modern civilization, economic conditions determine habitual character and history. Not everyone will, therefore, be prepared to adjust his mind to the interesting form of inquiry adopted by that most original of modern American thinkers, Professor Veblen, in his new volume, "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution" (New York: Macmillan). But all who have the courage to master the subtly humorous, though sometimes wearisome, terminology which the writer has invented, will find, we think, a profound analysis of the meaning and power of Prussianism and of the conflict of idea and sentiment which underlies the present conflict.

Dismissing as unsubstantial or insignificant all explanations based on inherent race characteristics, national genius, manifest destiny, or providential direction, the author explains the character of Imperial Germany in terms of a brief conjunctive of a belated medieval dynamic State with the external equipment of modern technology. There is, of course, nothing novel in this statement. But the explanation of the conjunctive itself is profoundly interesting. The most obviously significant occurrence in Imperial Germany has been the borrowing, chiefly from England, of the fruits of the Industrial Revolution, the new machine industry and organization. Now, in England, the transformation from medieval to modern industry had been a prolonged process, beginning with an extended period of borrowing and adaptation on our part of the more advanced methods of trade, manufacture, and agriculture, chiefly from Holland, Italy, and France. This slow borrowing was accompanied by the adaptation of our mind, our aspirations, and our institutions to this new system of handicraft and petty trade:—

"All this pervasive discipline of the industrial occupations and of the scheme of interests and regulations embodied in this system worked slowly, with a temperate but massive and steady drift, to induce in the English people an animus of democratic equity and non-interference, self-help, and local autonomy; which came to a head on the political side in the Revolution of 1688, and which continued to direct the course of sentiment through the subsequent development of a scheme of common law based on the metaphysics of Natural Rights."

These economic changes continuously undermined the strong medieval State, converting subjects into citizens, and limiting the coercive surveillance of Government to the narrowest dimensions consistent with the maintenance of public order. Bourgeois economic Liberalism set its mark on the politics, religion, social and domestic habits of the people. Mr. Veblen here is not moving among vague generalities. He fastens his interpretation on to the bedrock of actual craftsmanship. The strain of thought which meant democracy in politics, private judgment and nonconformity in religion, puritanism in morals, realistic materialism in philosophy, is rooted in artizan experience:—

"The logic of workmanship runs on good and sensible ground of manual contact and tangible alteration of the materials on which the work is spent; a cause which sensibly 'works' a tangible effect is something within the metaphysical horizon of the most commonplace materialist. It is against this background of handicraft, and in the dry light shed by the statistics of commercial accountancy, that the scientists of the new era see the phenomena that presently begin to engage

their curiosity and require them to find a framework for the systematization of their knowledge. So it comes about that, when scientific inquiry gets under way in the English community, it seeks efficient causes and finds these causes in a shape that continually suggests craftsmanlike workmanship."

It was this scientific frame of mind which carried us forward, this time by creative effort, not by borrowing, into our Industrial Revolution, and made Great Britain the discoverer and developer of most of the main improvements in modern manufacture and transport. How great and varied this contribution has been is excellently set forth in a paper read last week before the Royal Society of Arts by Dr. Dugald Clerk, whose contrast between the deductive method ascribed to Germany and the inductive method employed by British scientists is essentially the same point as that made by Mr. Veblen.

The importance of this correlation between the technology and the thinking of a nation comes out in the central thesis of Mr. Veblen regarding the nature of the recent German borrowing. Germany has rapidly taken over our industrial arts and methods, without taking over the corresponding "use and wont," the freight of thought and habits which belong to them. She has hurriedly grafted the new technology on to her dynastic State, with its autocracy and servility. "Germany combines the results of English experience in the development of modern technology with a state of the other arts of life more nearly equivalent to what prevailed in England before the modern industrial régime came in." The thoroughness and the superficial success of this borrowing, not to speak of its adaptation to purposes of military strength, are, indeed, largely attributable to this retention of the old order in politics and social habits, and in the romantic philosophy built up to support them. For this rapid adoption of the new technology has been consciously engineered by the dynastic State for purposes of power.

Two other great advantages the State enjoyed in this process. The railway system was laid out on strategic lines, some of the State-made roads being built with no expectation of "paying their way" by peaceful traffic. Shipbuilding and shipping were similarly subsidized and adapted to naval purposes. The tariff legislation was applied to two related ends, one to render the country, so far as possible, economically self-sufficing, the other to strengthen the Junkers and the whole agrarian class by concessions to their peculiar interests. To this same policy of mobilizing the national resources for the purposes of a dynastic State belongs the close control of all the educational equipment of the country. Thus the application of modern science to every branch of material and intellectual production was methodically utilized for purposes of State.

The other important asset lay in the fact that the German State was able to divert to its purpose a much larger share of the new wealth than in the case of Britain, because the habits of high living, luxurious spending, and in particular the extravagance of sport, which dispose of so much surplus income here, had never gained a strong footing in Germany. The time, money, and interest which here went into sport have been devoted there to the services of war and of a bureaucratic rule which has kept the people down.

So it comes about that the rulers of Germany have been able to graft the economic advantages of the modern world on to the old structure of the pirate State. The audacity and prestige of Prussian Imperialism have thus been able to win a reprieve for that principle of personal government and the superstitions attaching

to it, which the whole course of modern social-economic evolution tends to destroy. Mr. Veblen's analysis brings out in a most convincing way the necessary drive of this dynamic State towards an aggressive colonialism, seeking "places in the sun" which shall at once satisfy the "will to power," and furnish markets for the commercial and financial auxiliaries of this aggressive policy.

But the essentially transitory and unstable character of this "Prussian State," the passing product of a combination of two incompatible and irreconcilable conditions, destroys its lofty claim of a holy mission to extend its higher culture among its benighted neighbors. Mr. Veblen allows too much for technological control and too little for the independence of the conscious soul of man. But his criticism of the fundamental antagonism between modern industry and the dynastic State contains a profound truth, and much of the psychology built upon it is sound. "Coercion, personal dominion, self-abasement, subjection, loyalty, suspicion, duplicity, ill-will—these things do not articulate with the mechanistic conception." The collapse of "Kultur" is rooted in the nature of things.

ON BUYING BOOKS.

No; the ambiguity of the title is only on the surface. If you want to buy new books—Biblia a-Biblia—don't waste your money, but join a circulating library. Besides, literature is put to such a coil nowadays that if you desire a library of books rather than a mass of printed leaves, clothed in neat suits of cloth, like a crocodile of small boys in Etons, there is no alternative but to buy old books. We happened recently, and quite innocently, to place in juxtaposition a book of modern poems and a generous folio (1574) of whom Montaigne calls "plain and well-meaning Froissart." Well, the parable of contrast was a microcosm of suggestion for the conservative revolutionary. There was nothing shoddy or blatant about the representative of the modern; it was only that it reminded us somehow of an official frock-coat—the frock-coat which de Musset called a symbol of Europe mourning for its lost illusions. In the case of this book we should have said mourning for its lost individuality, its lost craftsmanship, its lost philosophy of work. Books, like buttonholes, have, in an age devoted to commerce and its stimulus to the acquisitive rather than the creative spirit of man, acquired a kind of minimum level of dull mediocrity. And the Froissart? It was a number of works of art fused into a single and uniform work of art. The way the title-page was set out on the paper; the exquisite elaboration of the printer's mark (there is a cornucopia of material for a history of printers' marks); the multiform designs of initial letters; the decorative tail-pieces at the end of every chapter; the bold, massive, finely-poised printing, so suited to honest Froissart—one was looking at the handicraft of a period in which trade and art were synonymous terms. "I am not greatly affected to new books," said Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, in his essay on ancient and modern learning, "whosoever converses much among the old books will be something hard to please among the new." Let that be our text.

There are, of course, as many kinds of book-hunters as there are kinds of temperament. There are so many angles from which to look at the thing—preferences, antipathies, prejudices, loves and hatreds, are as noisy a set of imps in the book-buyer as in normal humanity. But, on the whole, your book-buyer is divisible into four classes. There is, first of all, the moneyed collector, a supermannish being, as removed from average values as

the local stationer from an international financier. He is not only an Olympian, too exalted for common sympathies, but a detestable nuisance—a kind of Sennacherib invading the pastoral amenities of literature with his cohorts of gleaming sovereigns. An acquaintance of ours (friend would be too presumptive) recently walked into a bookshop, and with awful equanimity, bought a first edition of the "Hesperides" for eighty-six pounds. And he would only be a middleman between ourselves and the god out of the machine who foils our little calculations and expenditures, who, a mere book-hog, sends up the prices to the clouds, who filches the more visionary glories out of our reach, and to whom a first folio Shakespeare is but a corner-stone in his temple of possessions. Besides, he is only an abstraction; he has not even the initiative to telephone to his agent from his drawing-room. His agent telephones to him. He has not even the justification of Richard de Bury, who, out of the passion and excess of his regard for books, said, "no dearness of price should hinder a man from the buying of books." Plato, it is true, bought the works of Philolaus, the Pythagorean, for 10,000 denarii, and Aristotle Speusippus for 72,000. But he is the sort of man who would have all the volumes of "Punch" bound in russia or morocco, neighbors no doubt of a folio "Sir Thomas More."

In the second place, there is his opposite, his antithesis, the book-buyer who cares exclusively for the inside of a book, for literary values, so to speak, in the nude, and will read North's "Plutarch" in a sixpenny paper-cover, if he can get it. He is a martyr to indiscriminate cheapness, and for very shame must hide his library from his friends. It would be sheer hypocrisy to cast the stone at so estimable a person. Our objection to him is on the score of asceticism. He is a sort of Calvinist among book-lovers, one of those rare extremists and anchorites who can entirely dispense with externals. And yet, be it said, his fetish of cheapness is often his own undoing. For there are some books, which, with a little time and trouble, may be obtained more cheaply in a worthy old edition than in a modern reprint. And, being unversed in the antiquity of books, there are others which, having never been reprinted at all (the works of John Oldham, for instance), he will never read.

Thirdly, there is the specialist—an oddity, a lopsided enthusiast, a pettifogging, ultramontane kind of book-hunter, who will have nothing to do with any book but that which satisfies his particular foible. He is anathema to the catholic collector, whose extent of literary appreciation, provided it be literary, should be "broad as ten thousand beaves of pasture." At the beginning of his career, he has, of course, whole continents of choice on which to pitch. It may be yellow-backed books or books without covers; book-plates, engraved title-pages, woodcuts, or colophons; Aldines, Baskervilles, Pickerings, Froebens, Stephanuses, or Moxons; Mazarin Bibles, black-letter books, or sixteenth-century herbals; Byrons, Bunyans, or Beowulfs. But, in the end, he must abide by his selection and pursue his eccentricity, even if he have to traverse whole oyster-beds of bookshops to find a single pearl. For the true book-lover, he is liable to have two distasteful impressions—that to feed his hobby-horse, he will need a bulging purse, and that he will pass by a folio "Anatomy of Melancholy" to lay hold on a dog-eared edition of Baxter's Sermons or Paley's "Moral Philosophy." It would make but little difference to him whether he was living under that notorious King of China, who, as reported by Sir William Temple, "ordered all books to be burnt, except those of Physick

and Agriculture." He would choose Physick or Agriculture.

Now, for the ideal bibliophile, there is one essential qualification. He must be a comparatively poor man. That is as indispensable as the equipment for his adventures of a respirator, an electric torch, and a pair of gardening gloves. It is an extraordinary thing that Alphonsus of Aragon should have said "that among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued, in the course of their lives, all the rest are Bawbles, besides Old Wood to burn, Old Wine to drink, Old Friends to converse with, and Old Books to read." Still he did, and the two latter are certainly within reach of the impecunious. It would seem that in the art of book-buying alone can the poor man put up a good fight with the rich man on the latter's own ground. For the poor scholar, if he is the ideal bibliophile, does in a measure combine all the three preceding species. He extracts the honey both from the moneyed collector and him whose devotion is sheer literature. He will not buy one thing without the other. He will not have matter without form and form without matter. He will not pile up a collection of worthless books merely for the sake of their external garniture, and he will, at the same time, clothe his chronicles of wisdom in seemly and appropriate raiment. As a counsel of perfection, for instance, it seems to us that the classics, and especially Elizabethan translations of them, should be read in folio. There is a certain decent humility, in the example of that admirable series, Cassell's National Library, the editors of which selected for their paper-covered volumes, not North's translation of Plutarch, but the less personable, the more sober-suited one of Langhorne. Of the English classics, it is desirable to have folios (if you can get them) up to the eighteenth century. Thence, down to the Victorians, we are contented with quartos, octavos—yes, and duodecimos. Then the advantage over the specialist. The true bibliophile, as Lamb said, should "have no repugnances. Shaftesbury must not be too genteel for him or Jonathan Wild too low." Let him specialize, therefore, as the occasion warrants. The difference between him and the inflexible specialist is on an analogy with Dryden's distinction between moral philosophy and history, "which rather allures than forces us to virtue." "There is nothing of the tyrant in example; but it gently glides into us, and is easy and pleasant in its passage." So, if the book-buyer lights in his Odysseys, upon a book printed by that serviceable, dignified, and lavish eighteenth-century printer, Jacob Tonson, let him collect Tonsons and be done with cloud-cuckoo-land aspirations. There are plenty on the market. Here and there he may get an Aldus and a Baskerville, but the first, with its slanting, italicized printing, is no great attraction, and there is more joy of one Baskerville in a poor man's library than of ninety-and-nine in the houses of American millionaires.

But the real advantage of limited means is the incentive it affords to enterprise. Happily, for our true bibliophile, modern England is no purist in literary taste. The prices of old china, pictures, and furniture exceeding those of books a thousandfold, the transcendental carrot of picking up a priceless epic for a song, will be always dangling in front of his nose. The insatiable quest for bargains will drive him far from the Charing Cross Road, into outlandish suburbs, into the East End and the wilderness of Notting Hill, where the foot of orthodox collector has never trod. His eternal hope is old stock, which has not been overhauled in the official auction rooms, and a bookseller who does not know his business. And, be it said, without scruples. Shall we

avow that he deliberately trades upon the ignorance of the bookseller? For the ways of these dragons that guard the golden apples are not unknown to him. It is an old tale that they will alter the prices of books on the fly-leaf to one far in excess of their value, and that they will make facsimiles of first edition title-pages, and paste them into second edition books. And you can be quite sure that if a bookseller charges you a shilling for a book worth ten, his private opinion is that it is only worth sixpence. His profits, in any case, are well over 50 per cent. Only once has any compunction visited the heart of the present writer—when a hoary and fumbling old man, with a front like Tiresias, named a price for some books exhumed from generations of dust, without so much as looking inside them! But, as a rule, the psychology of the out-of-the-way bookseller is of a rude cunning—vulpine, but with a snub nose. His shifts and expedients in fixing prices are as unstable as water. Ignorant of the values of his stock, he will as soon charge you a sum preposterously above a fair return as preposterously below it. A friend of ours, whose nose, on the contrary, is so aquiline that it will sniff out a bargain through fat circumvallations of dust, was rummaging the other day in an East End bookshop. Two sixteenth-century English black-letter books (worth perhaps £50 the twain) fell on his head. He approached the bookseller with something of the physical discomfort of Achilles seized by the hair by the goddess—voice indifferently controlled, hands and knees quivering, and the whole constitution torn in the effort at unconcern. The bookseller, seeing two such "ragged veterans," such down-at-heels vagrants submitted to his inspection, covertly plumed himself, as he charged a shilling a-piece for them.

For less money more enterprise is an axiom to the book-lover. His overweening hopes urge him forth, in the words of Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon," "to purchase inestimable books with mud and sand," to seek out drab bookshops "more aromatic than stores of spicery," "academic meads shaken by the tramp of scholars." A beneficent forager groping among the *disjecta membra* of Latin divines and jurists to reveal the genuine book in places, when, by his means, "volumes that had hidden in dark places are bathed in the ray of unwonted light," "where volumes that had slumbered through long ages in their tombs wake up and are astonished." The area of his choice is so ample that the cupboard is never really bare. "Incunabula," early editions of the Elizabethans, of the metaphysical and Carolean poets, and so forth are anyhow beyond his reach—ringed round by a girdle of flaming sovereigns. But now and again, he will pick up a folio Elizabethan or a first edition of a seventeenth-century prose-writer (always less valuable than the poets), and not once or twice first editions of the eighteenth-century writers. And a pleasant man of letters in any but a degraded edition is always acceptable to him. Nor, if he find nothing but an 1820 volume of Beattie, will he forget in this dolorous age of ours that he is a crusader in a lost cause—the preservation of the amenities.

THE FIELD-MOUSE AND THE HAMSTER.

SOMEONE has been punished in Germany for writing a parable called "The Field-mouse and the Hamster." It must have been a telling fable, and it is to be hoped that it will some day be given to the world. We shall want to know what German ingenuity made of a rather promising theme. The tale was no doubt written by a mere German, at the expense of the Prussians. We

know which of the two animals would represent Potsdam. The hamster, the books tell us, is as large as a guinea-pig, and like that animal rejoices in a coat that seems to smack of military grandeur. Normally it is tortoiseshell, but other regimentals are known, such as black-and-white, pure black, and pure white. The hamster has ample cheek-pouches, which it either fills with food or distends with air to show that it is angry. Says Mr. Frank Finn:—

"This is pretty often, for it is one of the most touchy, ill-conditioned little animals in existence. . . . It is really courageous as well as quarrelsome—will make a good fight with any dog but an experienced ratter, and even attack a man without any other provocation than that of passing near his hole."

There is no doubt that an allegorist who put his heart into his work could make a picture of this animal in *Pickelhaube* and military cloak that would rejoice even an inhabitant of Zabern.

If we want to make the field-mouse's acquaintance, we can call on him in a rough way without going to Germany, when we have found out which of the mice he is. We decide conflicting claims in favor of no mouse at all but the field-vole, commonly called the short-tailed mouse. He is the easiest of all to interview, and we will take a spade to his field and dig him out. There are many round, well-frequented holes in the middle of the grass field, sometimes in little villages, which it might be rash to attack with a spade, sometimes solitary villas that will at length, if the kestrel permit, become populous centres. We may find in these latter a solitary bachelor, the incipient mother of a new sept, or a small grown family not yet scattered. It will be neither hard nor dangerous to catch a specimen. It is said that the field-vole does not bite the hand of its captor; the Prussian hamster would meet the merest hint of threat with a counter-attack.

Now the name of the field-vole is *Arvicola agrestis*. No wild animal has so honorable a name. Not a devastator of fields but a cultivator. Its ideas of culture clash with ours, but in a world of its own, on a prairie untrodden by human feet, there would be some excuse for calling it a farming animal. The threshold of the little hole in the mowing-field usually has growing on it some plant not represented in the herbage elsewhere. Especially frequent is the shooting cress, of which another example cannot be found anywhere in the field except in the vole's front garden. It is, in fact, a weed of cultivation, and you would have to go to the nearest human garden to find it. We might easily fancy that *Arvicola* had planted it here, so that he could take a little nibble at it "when so disposed." But no doubt the farmer vole gets his name from his diligence in harvesting, rather than from his skill as a planter. In autumn he is very busy filling a large underground chamber with haws and other wild fruits, with wheat, peas, beans, or other nutritious food that another farmer has planted in the field where he lives.

So here is a little fable animal almost ready-made. He knows how to make the most of the good things with which the earth supplies him. He is not over-worried at the wickedness of people like the owl, the kestrel, and the weasel, that prey upon him. He can defeat them by multiplying against them; the inheritance of the earth is to the meek. Mrs. Vole is an excellent *Hausfrau*. She brings up her children with care in a clean house. When her nest was dug out the other day, she came and fetched the naked children one by one, though she knew perfectly well that the gardener was standing by, and could have chopped her in two with his spade. She

is quite as brave as the hamster, without his puffed-out cheeks and other fussiness. Seeing voles busy in and out of their cellars, we could easily imagine that they were miners as well as other industrialists. In Westphalia, they would be digging up coal, in Silesia they would spin textiles from vegetable cotton or the spoils of the sheep. They would smelt, hammer, and rivet, blow glass, carve wood, design and make all that the soul of a field-mouse could wish for. They would swim in their ships to other lands, and conquer the whole world by their industry.

Not so the hamster once we set him going down the slope of cheek-puffing, tooth-clashing belligerency. He would be a pan-rodent, always provided that the hamster was head and front and everything else. It would not be by gentle persuasion that he rallied the others round him but, taking them one at a time, he would pitch them into the league by the scruff of the neck. He would not be content with mere peaceful colonization of the earth, and the drawing from it of only the fruits of one's industry. The pan-rodent flag must go wherever he goes, and his own surly notions must everywhere be predominant. Looking out from the superior watch-tower of his long body, he would descry all sorts of hostile envy and dangers to his nation, and he would chatter and screech about them in a way to set the field-mice in a terror. He would tell them that they must rely on their Uncle Hamster, who would hammer down all opposition with his mailed fist, if only they would support him by doing as they were told.

We can imagine the changes that would come over the gentle field-mouse. Every fourth or third man would be withdrawn from industry, to be taught the hamster goose-step and kept waiting for the enemy that, if it did not exist, would have to be invented to justify the rôle of Potsdam. Work would become daily harder, and its fruits more meagre, for every pair of hands at work would have to supply two maws instead of one. There would, indeed, be but one industry left, that of war, and the plant having been urged to the highest pitch of perfection, everything would demand that it must be set in motion. In order to feed a nation two-thirds idle, some other nation must be attacked, and loot, known to the hamster by the name of "indemnity," brought home. The most peaceful field-mouse would be drawn gradually into this maelstrom of brigand thought. He would leave the matter in the hands of Uncle Hamster, partly because Uncle Hamster would punch his head if he didn't, and partly because he had ceased to think for himself. The peace of the world would be at the mercy of an animal irresistibly armed, swollen to an enormous sense of his peculiar ideas of Kultur, and ready to attack anything that passed near his hole.

For his strange ends, the imperial hamster has had to compromise somewhat with ordinary hamster nature. In his heart of hearts, he feels himself as superior to the field-mouse as he is to any animal outside the rodent class. He suffers Saxons and other fools, because their aid is useful to his purpose. For that reason, he will even go so far as to call Austrians and Hungarians "Brother," and the unspeakable Turk his "natural ally." The hamster is really far more independent than this. The animal with which it must be compounded for the purposes of analogy is the somewhat similar lemming. The lemming is a colonist, like the field-mouse; but unlike the field-mouse, it does not care to spread quietly. It likes to do things in a theatrical way, to move in hordes like the old Aryans. It grows and grows in its own country till its numbers boil up to

swarming-point. Then its great armies come pouring down from the hills towards the sea. By the grand old mass tactics they swim through rivers, leaving many dead behind, pass through fire and destruction, triumphing over death, until they come to the sea. Into that they fling themselves, hoping to win through this obstacle also, but until now the lemmings have never been able to raise an army big enough to fill up the sea. Perhaps they never will. Perhaps the great lemming-hamster pan-rodent never will. Perhaps the field-mice are tired of playing his hopeless game.

Present-Day Problems.

THE WORK OF THE LIQUOR CONTROL BOARD.

THE extension of the Liquor Control Board's restrictions to London has drawn public attention to the work which this body has been doing, quietly and somewhat deliberately, during the six months of its existence. Called suddenly into being, and vested by Parliament with almost autocratic powers over the sale and supply of intoxicating liquor in the interest of the successful prosecution of the war, it was faced at the outset with considerable difficulties. Its members were of the most widely different views on social as well as on political questions. Not more than three or four of them had had previous administrative experience of the problem with which they had to deal. The pride of the workman had been aroused by charges formulated or suggested by his employers. The House of Commons had shown a singular want of courage in dealing with the problem, and the futile attempt of the prohibitionists to rush the Legislature into action conflicting too violently with national habits had brought about a reaction. And the Board must have begun its work with the knowledge that, despite the patriotic feeling and self-sacrifice of individual members of the liquor trade, that body was sure to marshal against it all its ingenuity and powers of organization to resist changes which must inevitably diminish its profits. For there can be no question that at this moment the interests of the trade and the interests of the nation are opposed. The national interests call, not merely for a reduction in drunkenness—a relatively small matter—but for a large falling off in the habit of drinking, so inimical to that economy in personal expenditure without which our financial strength cannot really be maintained. It is true that if the publican were a free man he might get back much of his loss from reduced sales of drink by developing provision for meals, which, under the changed conditions brought about by the war, is more than ever needed by the workmen whose occupations take them long distances from their homes. But unfortunately four-fifths of the public-houses are tied to brewers and wholesale merchants, whose sole interest it is to sell as much liquor as possible. And in many instances the structural arrangements of licensed premises, in some cases through the unnecessarily narrow policy of the licensing magistrates, are not adapted to the needs of the catering trade.

Faced with these difficulties, the Board has set steadily to work to achieve the objects for which it was appointed. It has moved cautiously, and after consultations in each area with representative conferences of the local licensing authorities and police, the representatives of the Army and Navy, the employers of labor, and the trades unions. It has listened as justice and prudence alike prescribed to the reasonable representations of the trade. It has resisted the pressure brought upon it by employers to embark upon a policy of prohibition. It has also resisted the pleas for unfettered liberty put forward in the name of the workmen.

Nor has it initiated any class restrictions. It has made no distinction between on and off licences and between public-houses and clubs, between the luxurious hotel and the humble inn, or between one sex and the

other. It has greatly curtailed the hours of sale, and has abolished morning and afternoon drinking in licensed houses and clubs. But it has left full facilities for the purchase of liquor for two and a half hours in the middle of the day, and has usually given three hours in the evening for the alcoholic drink which the majority of our people are wont to enjoy after their day's work. It has abolished the practice of treating, otherwise than at meals. It has prohibited credit and the "long pull," restricted the hours for the off-sale of spirits, made permissible their dilution, and in many of its areas stopped the small spirit flask habit, which has led to so much drunkenness among soldiers and sailors and among women. It has recently tried, with what success does not yet seem apparent, to stop the abuses connected with the house-to-house canvassing for the sale of liquor. Its local inquiries have resulted in bringing nearly half of industrial England, most of the ports, and many of the military camps within the sphere of its operations.

Nor has it contented itself with merely restrictive action. It has tried to stimulate the sale of food in public-houses, and having this great reform of national habits in view, it has set aside objections from many police authorities, and allowed the public-houses to keep open for this purpose at times when the sale of liquor is not permitted. It has endeavored to secure the provision of canteens in large works, and has co-ordinated and subsidized the efforts of the Y.M.C.A. and other voluntary associations. Already about a hundred such canteens are in existence, and more are in process of erection. Doubtless it has made some mistakes. The most conspicuous was that of allowing itself to be rushed into enacting a no-treating order for London instead of waiting until it could deal comprehensively with the liquor problems of its vast population. By acting in this way it gave the unfortunate impression that nothing further was necessary, and brought upon itself, when the final restrictions were announced, an outburst of indignation, partly real and partly simulated, from the trade and from those who can readily be rallied to its standards. Its choice of areas in which to operate requires more justification than has yet been vouchsafed to the public. It is difficult to understand why the Tyne and Tees ports should have been scheduled and the Humber left alone, why Cardiff, Newport, and Barry should have been restricted and Swansea left free, or why Westmoreland and Inverness-shire should have been dealt with and Nottingham, Leicester, and the Potteries never touched, or, so far as our information goes, never even visited. Perhaps we may before long have some explanation on these points from Lord D'Abernon, whose reported utterances give evidence of a freshness of mind and a sobriety of judgment which have done even more than his well-known tact and charm of manner to win for the Board the confidence of the public.

We do not wish to lay undue emphasis on these criticisms, for the first report of the Board and the evidence which is accumulating from all parts of the country show that great benefit has accrued to the community from its operations. The published statistics of drunkenness in England show a large, and in Scotland a smaller, but still appreciable, diminution in prosecutions and convictions for drunkenness. But drunkenness in the police-court sense is only a part, and by no means the largest part, of the problem. What is much more important is that ships are being loaded and unloaded with greater rapidity, that workers are making better time and are coming to work in a more efficient condition, and that there is a perceptible diminution of drinking among women. This must mean a great increase of national efficiency and a considerable enlargement of national output. The Board's report testifies also to the evidence it has received of the improved conditions of the children, the increase in the sale of articles of working-class consumption, such as clothing and furniture, and of increased deposits in Savings Banks. Such evidence is very welcome, for the figures of increased consumption of liquor for the first year of the war, and the evidence as to the effects of this enhanced consumption, were such as justified the fear that the sudden increases of income among those

not educated by previous opportunities of wise expenditure were having a baneful effect on the character and moral strength of large classes of the community. Especially does this seem to have been the case among hitherto underpaid unskilled laborers and among many of the wives of soldiers and sailors suffering from the strong emotional disturbances and anxieties caused by the absence of their husbands on perilous services and the complete change in their ways of life which this absence has brought about.

For such evils mere restriction cannot be an adequate cure. We must look to other ameliorative agencies, provided without censoriousness or patronage, but inspired by imagination and sympathy. With these agencies, the Board, both on its restrictive and on its constructive side, must enter into the fullest co-operation. For, indeed, the constructive side of its work—the provision of better facilities for cheap and wholesome meals for men and women workers under conditions of comfort and decency, is more important, and is likely to be of more abiding benefit to the nation than the mere restriction of facilities for the sale of liquor.

We need, in every large factory where the workers are too far from their homes to go there for their mid-day meal, canteens where wholesome food is cheaply, quickly, and tastefully served.

And in the two or three areas where it is understood the Board is about to take over, with the assistance of local advisory committees, the management of the licensed houses, we need a vigorous effort to make the public-house—what similar places are in some parts of the Continent—real places of recreation and refreshment, where a man can take his wife and enjoy music, social intercourse, and pure liquor of light alcoholic strength.

The Board must go on with its work without haste—there seems no danger of that—but also without rest, meeting legitimate grievances with reasonable concessions, but pursuing unfalteringly the main lines of its policy. It must refuse to be diverted from its task, on the one hand, by the clamor of the trade, or, on the other hand, by the ill-considered zeal of those well-meaning people who press their own panaceas upon it, forgetting that its function is not, at any rate directly, to promote social reform, but simply to increase national efficiency and national economy for the purpose of the war.

Letters to the Editor.

APPROACHES TO PEACE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I will confess to a tedium to which I am unaccustomed in adding even a note to this controversy; for the ghastly unreality of the peace proposals made in it makes them unlikely to do any ultimate harm. I take it for granted that your correspondents feel themselves bound by the national promise of peace with the consent of our Allies; otherwise, of course, one would not even debate with them. And I am satisfied with knowing that no man will propose such compromises in France or Serbia without an intelligent anticipation of being instantly killed. I agree with Mr. Hobson that our own democracy, as he uses the phrase, is very nearly as fixed and fierce. But the political pledge is vital in our case, because what we have is not properly a democracy but a demos. The English people does not rule England; it is ruled by professors of a clockwork politics like Mr. Hobson's. But I have lamented the loss of Mr. Masterman's personality in that machinery in proportion to my great personal regard for him; and I cannot pass over any point in which he disagrees with me. He says: "I do not see how you can obtain 'retribution' so long as the nerve centres of pain remain with individuals and the acts done are either national or untraceable to individuals." If there are no national punishments there are no national sins. It is some person who feels the pinch of the punishment; but so it was some person who gave the command for the crime. If you say you cannot find the real criminal, I answer that you certainly cannot if you never try. But the French (to return

once more to reality for an instant) have actually made most careful lists of the particular individuals who ordered horrors unheard of in modern war. They took almost as much trouble to track princes and public officials as we take whenever we are hounding down some wretched starveling who has stabbed or stolen in the slums. As for the moral matter, I can only say that there are few things about which my conscience is so much at peace. I am not afraid of the word "revenge," or any other of the dead words on which politicians feed. I know there is something in the soul that is satisfied when sneering and triumphant cruelty is brought down: and I am very sure that what is satisfied is not the small thing called myself.

The other knot in which your correspondents have tied themselves seems to be about whether Europe has a right to punish Germany. They seem to hold that the right cannot exist unless it is called something, such as a Hague Tribunal, in which (for all I know) Germany is to take part in her own punishment. For this, they say, we should now begin to work, instead of "punishing Germany." That is to say, we should begin to prove our power of dealing with any imaginable case, by declaring that we can make nothing of a perfectly plain case. Suppose we have our international system and some nation violates it. How could any nation violate it more brazenly and undeniably than Prussia violated her own signature to the peace of Europe, of which she was the trustee? How could any nation force war on another nation more instantly and furiously than Austria forced it on Serbia? And what, therefore, is there to prevent Mr. Hobson reappearing, when the case comes up for punishment, with a long story about the offender being not so black as he is painted? What is there to prevent him telling us to hold our hands because of some mysterious information that is buried somewhere in Russia? What, in short, is there to prevent him from faintly admitting that Cain is "mainly responsible" for the gradual complication in the situation of Abel? What is it that we should then do by arbitration that we must not now do in self-defence? About all this I find Mr. Hobson highly mysterious. In one passage he appears to say that he would rejoice if the Hohenzollerns were curbed by the Germans, who alone have the right to do it. By this theory, a wrong must not be righted by the people against whom it was done. It can only be lawfully righted by the people who helped to do it. If some Restoration blackguard sends his lackeys to beat a harmless citizen, the citizen must not move under it, or he will be "vindictive." He must wait in patience till the lord is punished by the lackeys.

In conclusion, I want to tell Mr. Hobson something which he will not understand. In dealing with a reference of mine to some of the more solid realities of modern Europe, he called me "romantic." I am; for I have been listening to a very strange and incredible story. Nearly all the other people in Europe have been listening to it, and have been led to believe it. It is a story full of things that men would hardly dare to put in a novel; of children carefully killed in the shape of crosses and children's toys carefully defiled with an elaborate indecency, of pleasure-boats sunk for a mere feast of fear; and of all the holy hatreds that are called up against such an empire of evil. These are the actualities of the earth, which alone at this moment move many millions of men; and I do not think Mr. Hobson knows much about them. So far from doing justice to what is moving the Allies, he cannot even do justice to what is moving the Germans. What is moving them is, in precise fact, that "legend of the unconquerable man," which seems to him so odd. I have a great respect for Mr. Hobson in many ways; and it is with regret that I have to break it to him that he is dead.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Masterman has admirably expressed what is in the minds of many of us with regard to the suggested "Approaches to Peace."

Let me briefly recapitulate the conditions which, as I understand him, he considers essential to such a peace as would secure the objects for which we are fighting.

(1) The destruction, in whole or in part, of the German Fleet. ("If the German Fleet survives as at present, we in England start the new world after the war with Naval Estimates of a hundred millions—destined rapidly to increase.")

(2) The evacuation of Belgium by Germany, together with the payment by the latter country to the former of compensation, "varying in estimate from £50,000,000 to £200,000,000, needed to rebuild her cities, re-establish her industries, and bring back her scattered and exiled children to prosperity in their own land; with compensation, also, for the maimed, the outraged, and the dead."

(3) The retrocession to France of Alsace and Lorraine. (this is not definitely so stated, but so I read between the lines), together with "full recompense for the ruin effected in the occupied territories"—upwards of "two thousand million pounds."

(4) German South-West Africa to be retained as part of the British Empire. (There will be questions also with regard to German East Africa and the Cameroons, &c. Turning to another continent, there can be, I imagine, no question at all about Kiao-Chau; but in Europe there will be many questions as to the "little nations" of the Balkans, and possibly as to Schleswig-Holstein. For present purposes, however, these may be left outstanding.)

Mr. Masterman adds, "If I would obtain to-day peace conditions effecting this inability to do mischief, I would not want to kill another German, or to occupy a single German city." Here, I think, we ought all to be in agreement with him. But is there not yet another condition, which, if it could be secured, would be an inestimable boon to humanity? We sent Napoleon into exile as a danger to mankind. What of the Kaiser? Could anything more contribute to a durable peace than the expulsion of the Hohenzollerns? If it should be within the bounds of possibility that, surely, is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Now, as Lord Haldane pointed out in his speech at the King's Hall last night, it is not with the German nation but with the German General Staff that we must open negotiations for peace at the present time, if we are to open them at all. And the German General Staff, it need hardly be said, would laugh such proposals to scorn. They are still afar off. They may be unattainable. They are, certainly, not to be attained except by an indefinitely prolonged struggle, much suffering, and much sacrifice. But the nation that endureth to the end the same shall be saved, and as Mr. Masterman well says, "I would continue demanding of this generation the maintenance of this almost intolerable burden—in the hope that, at last, those who come after us may be given the opportunity of cherishing a hope and an ideal." But until these things are within measurable distance, it seems to me of little use to cry "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."—Yours, &c.,

G. G. GREENWOOD.

House of Commons. December 1st, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—No correspondence was possible on Mr. Masterman's article in the "Daily Chronicle" of November 15th; but I trust, now that he has emerged in your correspondence columns in order to defend his position, you, sir, will allow some reply from those who consider his proposals ill-considered and unfortunate. Were it not for the fact that he is an ex-Cabinet Minister, I can hardly believe that anyone would trouble to discuss such proposals seriously. I should be quite content, from the purely controversial point of view, to leave Mr. Masterman's letter to Mr. Hobson's tender mercies, as Mr. Hobson may always be depended on to make a clean cut through a tangle of fallacies, even when they are concealed in a web of rhetoric. But I cannot refrain, in view of the explicit nature of the proposals in question, from offering some comment.

Opinion in general may be divided into two sections just now: Those who want to punish Germany and those who want a lasting settlement. Mr. Masterman obviously belongs to the first section, though he would have us believe that by punishing Germany we shall get a lasting settle-

ment. To want to punish your enemy while a war is raging is a very natural sentiment, but for a statesman to adopt such an attitude in formulating proposals intended to lead to a lasting settlement is not only mischievous but fatal. Mr. Hobson has pointed out sufficiently clearly that a negotiated peace is far more likely to be conclusive than a dictated peace. But his words in this case fall on deaf ears.

Let me, then, try and follow one or two of Mr. Masterman's points. Germany is to be sufficiently beaten to be in a state of mind to accept his "moderate" proposals. This, judging by the hard facts of modern warfare, may take a little time—possibly some years. After this war of attrition, Germany is to pay two thousand millions indemnity to France and two hundred millions to Belgium. May I respectfully ask where the money is to come from? If Germany has one-tenth part of that colossal sum she will certainly not leave off fighting; and if she had not, would not the payment of such an indemnity by Germany entail the occupation of some part of her territory by the troops of the Allies for many years to come?

Mr. Masterman does not want land inhabited by Germans to be ruled over by non-Germans; but how is this to be carried out if, as he declares in the "Daily Chronicle," the western frontier of Germany is to be the Rhine? May I ask, still respectfully, what becomes of the Rhine Provinces and the Palatinate?

Mr. Masterman says Schleswig must go to Denmark because it is "purely Danish." May I ask (with rather less respect) if this assumption is based merely on the fact that in the extreme north of Schleswig there are about 139,000 Danish-speaking people, while the southern and most populous part of the province is purely German?

Poland is to be united under the Tsar. On this point I ask if this is one of the objects for which British lives are being sacrificed?

The German fleet is either to be "sunk or divided up" amongst the Allies, and the German colonies must be taken, not because they are wanted, but as "trophies" for our Dominions. Were I to ask a question on these points it would certainly not be respectful, so I will refrain. Mr. Masterman tells us that "Vengeance belongeth to the Most High." I wish he would leave it there. But he himself is so obsessed with the passion of hatred and revenge that it bursts through in every paragraph of his writing. This may be a useful method at recruiting meetings, and I would beg Mr. Masterman to confine his energies to that quarter, where I am sure he must be very effective. But he has shown pretty clearly, not only by the spirit in which he approaches the question but by his astonishingly confused notions of international relationships, that he is utterly unsuited for the rôle of negotiator.

I have sometimes been accused of helping the Germans by what I have said and written. I have never understood this accusation. If I and others who think as I do are reported in Germany, the only people we may encourage are the sane and moderate anti-annexation party, who are eager for a lasting settlement based on national security. But declarations such as Mr. Masterman's do manifestly help the enemy, because they encourage the extremists in Germany, who can rally all parties in the face of a declared intention on our part to dismember their country. This is what *must* prolong the war. Moreover, the views of an ex-Cabinet Minister are likely not only to be quoted in the foreign press, but to be accepted as semi-official. I can only trust that these particular proposals are merely the expression of an individual opinion, and in no way reflect the views of any Ministers who now hold responsible positions.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

House of Commons. November 30th, 1915.

[It is fair to Mr. Masterman to point out that he repudiated the idea of making peace on the basis of merely punishing Germany, and that his point insisting on the sacrifice of the German fleet—which might very well follow a successful military expedition—was not one of revenge but of security for the future, in the event, for example, of Germany refusing to join in a general scheme of reducing armaments.—ED., THE NATION.]

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. G. L. Dickinson tells us that the only way to "guarantee peace, is that the States [of Europe] should agree to unite their forces against any one of them that should make an aggressive war."

He assumes the efficacy of this plan, but, as one unwilling to part company with experience, I would remind him that the Concert of Europe, so recently as three years ago, was unable to make a peaceful arrangement even among the small peoples of the Balkans. If it be answered that this was because the Concert did not itself declare war against such of the States as refused to concur with the majority, let me remind him also that the Entente Powers, in July, 1914, took the precise course announced by him as the appropriate "machinery for repressing aggression and the way to ensure peace," without, however, that greatly desired result.

The organization of which he gives a sketch (advocated by numberless others before him) can never be more fully embodied than it then was by the Entente Powers, constituting as they did Europe minus the aggressor. Does he say that the adhesion of Spain and the other small neutrals would have made the difference? Hardly, I imagine. Germany was not overawed by the prospect, nor has she been overcome by the actuality of fighting armies ten millions strong, nor would another million have turned the scale. Let me ask Mr. Dickinson what inducements and what arguments could a Committee sitting at The Hague have brought to bear on Germany other and greater than those actually used by the Entente Powers? When his own idea has been embodied so nearly in its entirety, it is hard to find anything in his plan that could cause an opposite result.

Nor is the action of the Entente Powers the only embodiment of his idea that we can look back to for instruction. He forgets that the experiment has had a trial, not in a momentary crisis, but one lasting centuries.

The Medieval Church was just such a tribunal as he exhorts us to set up. Its purpose was precisely the same. It stood above nationality. It decided what was right between nations, and it enforced its decisions so far as its slippery hold on armies allowed. England in the sixteenth century was patently an aggressor, but it was not the fault of the Roman Curia that she worsted Spain. Similar weakness is not to impede the action of its twentieth-century imitator. It is to be clothed with adequate force, and a second England shall not defy it and survive.

Absolutely irresponsible authority is to be clothed with absolutely irresistible force: a prospect, I should have thought, calculated to freeze the blood of a true Liberal.—Yours, &c.,

HOPE WEDGWOOD.

Idlerocks, Stone, Staffs. November 30th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May one express surprise that Mr. Hobson should continue to press his "damaged goods" upon us, seeing that of all the pre-war theories, those held by Mr. Hobson and his friends have been the most completely falsified by events? They consistently maintained, not only that armaments were a definite menace to peace—which may be open to argument—but also the certainly false corollary that disarmament, or the reduction of armaments, would tend to preserve peace.

Now if there is one outstanding fact, it is that the relative military weakness of the Allies and their known unpreparedness gave the final push to German hostilities fifteen months ago.

Mr. Hobson further says that the imposition of drastic terms of peace would constitute the Allies the "ablest architects of ruin the world has ever seen." May I give a small illustration which seems to the point? Though not talked about over here, it is well known to those on the spot that the terrible plague which devastated Bombay several years ago has never yet ceased. The opinion has been expressed by those who were in Bombay at the time, that if the authorities had then had the courage and resolution to camp out the entire population and burn the native quarter to the ground, the pestilence could have been stamped out in a few weeks. As it is, the plague-sodden ground carries it on from year to year.

Will not the same thing be true of Germany unless her plague centre (militarism) be cauterized by the crippling of her resources for many years to come?—Yours, &c.,

C. M. HUDSON.

Southbourne. November 30th, 1915.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—During a year and a-half of war we have shed a good deal of our civil liberty. Freedom of the press, of travel, of choice of work and combination, of investment, of postal communication, of drink, of public justice, have been invaded and curtailed. But hitherto, with rare exceptions, freedom of meeting and discussion has remained intact. In a few towns, indeed, threats of violence have caused meetings to be withdrawn, and in one city the police forbade the Non-Conscription fellowships to hold private meetings of their members!

But until this week there has been no serious and concerted assault upon the basis of all liberty—the right of speech. There are certain circumstances relating to the violent break-up of the meeting of the Union of Democratic Control at the Memorial Hall last Monday which deserve particular attention. Instead of being the “spontaneous and unorganized” expression of public opinion which the “Times” report asserted, it was the carefully-prepared result of a press campaign conducted chiefly by the “Daily Express,” with the assistance of a body called the Anti-German Union. For some days before the meeting Mr. Blumenfeld’s organ assailed the U.D.C., its objects, and its personnel, with thinly-veiled incitements to violence. The “imitation tickets” which the “Times” admitted were employed dispose of the “spontaneity.” For tickets do not generate spontaneously.

But attacks of this kind upon public meetings are, of course, not without precedent. There is one feature, however, of Monday’s proceedings that is novel in its menace. According to the “Daily Gazette” of Tuesday this cowardly attack upon a body of peaceable civilians was “headed by a ‘Union Brigade’ of Canadians, Australians, English, Irish, and Scottish soldiers.” This statement is correct. A body of these soldiers was marched in order for the storming of the platform entrance, and forged tickets were served out to them by an officer in charge. It was soldiers who rushed the platform, and among the speakers taking part in the impromptu meeting under the chairmanship of Mr. R. H. Glover, of the Anti-German Union, were Captain Parsons and other men in khaki.

Now, this use of soldiers for the invasion of the civil rights of Englishmen is the very presence of Zabern in our midst. The war has witnessed various encroachments of the military upon the civil authority—some of them, perhaps, necessitated by the circumstances of our time. But this preconcerted use of military force to deprive the civil population of its legal rights is unprecedented. Has Parliament nothing to say to it?

It may be said that I make too much of a single incident. But mark what followed Monday’s violence. A series of other meetings, arranged to protest against conscription, were straightway cancelled under pressure from the police. The enemies of fair play and freedom have for the time secured a considerable victory. By false charges of pro-Germanism, “Peace-at-any-price,” “Surrender to the enemy,” pressed home by physical violence, they have set themselves to stem the tide of returning sanity in the national mind. For this interference with free speech takes place at the precise time when discussion of the conditions of a sound peace is conceded to be necessary, even by those who had until now closed their minds to all consideration of the future. The very day upon which the assault was perpetrated the “Morning Post,” in a leading article, entitled “Looking Ahead,” wrote as follows:—“Some people will say that it is time enough to think about the terms of peace when we have beaten the enemy. We disagree. On the contrary, it seems to us of the utmost importance that this country should have a definite idea of what it is fighting for and an irreducible minimum of what it can accept.”

Now the Union of Democratic Control exists for the

purpose of doing what the “Morning Post” desires to see done. Its object is to set before the country this definite idea, and this “irreducible minimum.” The “Spectator” recently summed up the objects of the war in the single word “Security.” The Union of Democratic Control accepts that final criticism for the discussion of the objects of the war and the terms of settlement. Its members have addressed some hundreds of meetings, many of them public, in various parts of the country, and they have always won the assent—commonly the unanimous assent—of their audiences to the exposition of their principles and policy. Nowhere has the charge of pro-Germanism or anti-patriotism been brought against them after they have had a hearing. It is on this account that their enemies desire to prevent them gaining a hearing.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. HOBSON.

Hampstead, December 2nd, 1915.

THE SHORTAGE OF DOCTORS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As a constant reader of your journal, I have often admired your trenchant and lucid articles, but one of the most stimulating that I have read recently is that in your issue of last week on the shortage of doctors. The subject is most timely, for, not only is there now a shortage, but after the war and for years to come this is certain to be the case.

Except in the case of women’s colleges, where the entries of new students have greatly increased, the number of medical students commencing study has diminished very much.

The writer of the article touched on the subject of post-graduate study, and wisely states that this should in future be developed and extended.

It is a remarkable fact that military post-graduate study is encouraged and supported by Government, but similar civil institutions are being closed for want of funds. This means that the soldier is guarded against inefficiency by the authorities insisting on all Army doctors having their original education supplemented, and being re-examined before promotion. A period of attendance at post-graduate courses is prescribed, followed by an examination, so that the Army doctor is obliged to keep himself abreast of all recent advance in medical science. The civil medical man is under no such obligation, and once qualified need never again make any effort to maintain his equipment. The panel system by endowing many a medical man with a fixed income has done much to retard individual effort towards advancement by stamping out competition.

There is no doubt that there is an urgent need for the extension of the scope or duties of the Medical Council. At present it supervises education before graduation, and conduct after qualification, but it should be empowered to insist upon post-graduate study. Under its ægis post-graduate colleges should be established and maintained, and the periodical re-education and examination of the medical practitioner become one of its chief functions. It is surely a crying shame that such an old-established, useful, and efficient institution as the Medical Graduates’ College should recently have had to close its doors from want of funds, even with a members’ roll of six hundred names, showing how highly it was appreciated by practitioners, and how anxious they were to avail themselves of its various courses of study.

Another subject that the writer of the article appropriately mentions is the qualifications of the consultant. This also is surely a fit subject for such a legislative body as our medical parliament, the Medical Council. It is an extraordinary anomaly that while the private soldier in the form of the practitioner is amply looked after before he can qualify, any individual once on the medical register (and there are fifteen or twenty avenues to this), can dub himself a general in the form of a consultant, and duly commence work on this much more responsible plane. Merely to live in Harley Street is not always to be worthy of its traditions.

It is the duty of a government to govern—to protect the life, liberty, and property of its subjects. The Act instituting the Medical Council’s duties is in need of extension and reformation to control effectively medical qualification and

equipment in all its phases, and so protect the public against the inefficient and presumptuous. I trust that you will continue to advocate such reforms.—Yours, &c.,

SURGEON.

Harley Street. December 2nd, 1915.

THE GERMANS IN BELGIUM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Fairness to the enemy is quintessentially honest and a proof of high moral courage. The German invaders are daily subjected to galling ordeals in Belgium. One should take their point of view into account. Battles have been fought, towns and villages pillaged and razed to the ground, civilians indiscriminately shot, frightfulness has been applied with scientific thoroughness, and yet the victors find themselves hourly exposed to the shafts and arrows of a subtle spirit of derision, steeped in levity, infinitely worse than open rebellion. It is, indeed, hate's labor lost.

An American lady recently returned from Brussels tells of two incidents, eloquent in showing how the refractory Belgians outrage the feelings and the high sense of propriety (*à la Prussienne*) of their so lately supervised military masters.

Motor-car tooting was exclusively limited, by special decree, to military motors; furthermore, certain specific modulations of toots were prescribed. Upon this, every *gamin* in Brussels commandeered whatever horn, trumpet, whistle, or the like instrument of torture he could lay his hands on. From the instant that any German officer ventured on the street the regulation toot greeted him, and clung to him, bursting forth from the ground he trod, apparently, wherever he might go. Severe punitive dispositions were enacted to safeguard the prestige of the uniform, which, in a measure, abated the nuisance and soothed the irate heroes of the Vaterland.

On a certain occasion, whilst some officers and a few civil functionaries were sitting *ganz gemütlich*, at a restaurant, the obnoxious toot resounded, quite at hand, necessarily aimed at them, as no military motor was in sight. The tooter could not be found, after diligent search, and yet the toot would recur at irregular intervals. "*Es ist zum toll werden*," remarked the burly Major, at the head of the table.

The audacious offender, however, was in time found out. It turned out to be an alien parrot, which some undiscoverable fancier had wilfully and maliciously trained.

At this point German thoroughness came to the rescue in its imperial integrity. The bird was placed under arrest, and charged with insulting the German Army before a court-martial over which the burly Major presided. It was questioned; its replies were not only, as might have been expected, parrot-like and incoherent, but irrelevantly profane, and it would most aggravatingly insist on tooting, regardless of the majesty and the solemnity of the court. This was too much for the presiding Major; he dropped the bird into eternity, shooting it then and there, without any more ado, like a mere mayor of a newly-invested Belgian or French town. The honor of the uniform thus was vindicated, from the slur of biped offenders, feathered and otherwise.

The irredeemable perversity of the Belgian was again shown in the case of a man who, complying with the law, declared himself the possessor of two pigeons. By the time of the next inspection, two tiny new arrivals had, in the regular course of nature, increased the happy pigeon household. The inspector, refusing every explanation, imposed a fine upon the owner of the birds, and wrung the necks of the lifeless carcasses, dangling from a ribbon, ominously reminiscent of the heroic Belgian colors—proscribed for the time being from their capital, but aflame in the battlefield—were exhibited to the passers-by, with this inscription above them: "*Morts pour la Patrie*."

Evidently Belgium is not conquered, and, from their point of view, the Germans have good reason to complain.—Yours, &c.,

S. PEREZ TRIANA.

London. November 29th, 1915.

"ON REVIEWING."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his interesting article, "On Reviewing," your contributor does not quite exactly state the theory of reviewing I tried to set forth in the magazine from which he quotes. I certainly upheld no theory of reviewing the implication of which would be "to train your critic as a tradesman rather than an artist." I hold that reviewing in present circumstances is too often a trade in mere laudatory or derogatory words, a more or less irrelevant generalization. For this kind of review I wish to substitute a review which would be a portrait, a faithful representation, of a book. I would like to see books reviewed as Hazlitt may be said to have reviewed them in "The Spirit of the Age." Subject to the review's being a portrait, let the interviewer introduce all the philosophy, personality, and information he can. Obviously, however, in the shorter kind of reviews, there is not much space for these essentials of great criticism. In such cases I hold that portraiture—or, if you like, reporting—of a witty, vivid, and discriminating kind is a better sort of reviewing than the utterance either of empty praise or of severe denunciation. The critic as artist no less than the critic as journalist must, first of all, be in a sense a portrait painter.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE CRITICIZED.

December 1st, 1915.

BILLY SUNDAY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is much that is true in your article on Billy Sunday in your issue of October 30th, and you have analyzed correctly the temperament of the American people, especially their desire for "quick returns" in all the activities of life. I cannot, however, refrain from calling your attention to one glaring inaccuracy. I must protest that your critic is in error in saying, "He has brought into preaching the mental and linguistic equipment of the ordinary American townsman." Billy Sunday's language may be the language of the saloon, the card-room, the base-ball field, the prize-ring, and the slums, but it is not the speech of the ordinary townsman; neither is it only English readers who "cannot avoid feeling some revulsion against the 'vulgarity,' even the 'profanity' of many of Billy Sunday's utterances."

To turn from questions of fact to one of definitions. Is not "spiritual," as used in your concluding sentence, too fine a word to use in describing that "boost" which Billy Sunday gives his audiences? Does not "spiritual" connote something quite different from this religious clap-trap?—Yours, &c.,

W. P. MILLER.

Ashburnham, Mass., November 16th, 1915.

Poetry.

TO E. M.

(IN MEMORY OF R. B.)

The night we saw the stacks of timber blaze
To terrible golden fury, young and strong
He watched between us with dream-dazzled gaze
Aflame, and burning like a god of song,
As we together stood against the throng
Drawn from the midnight of the city ways.

To-night the world about us is ablaze,
And he is dead—is dead . . . Yet, young and strong,

He watches with us still with deathless gaze
Aflame, and burning like a god of song,
As we together stand against the throng
Drawn from the bottomless midnight of hell's ways.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life and Letters of John Hay." By W. R. Thayer. (Constable. 2 vols., 21s. net.)
 "A Life of William Shakespeare." Enlarged edition. By Sir Sidney Lee. (Smith, Elder. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "The Life and Times of Queen Adelaide." By Mary F. Sanders. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)
 "The Crimes of England." By G. K. Chesterton. (Palmer & Hayward. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "A Frenchman's Thoughts on the War." By Paul Sabatier. (Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)
 "The History of the Harlequinade." By Maurice Sand. (Secker. 2 vols., 25s. net.)
 "Petrograd, Past and Present." By W. B. Steveni. (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "The Faith and the War." Edited by F. J. Foakes-Jackson. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
 "Broken Stowage." By David W. Bone. (Duckworth. 6s.)

A MAN who gives to the world a new work by Alexandre Dumas has a good right to the title of public benefactor. This is practically what Mr. R. S. Garnett has done by his translation of "The Last King of the New France," which Messrs. Stanley Paul have just published. For the book has been inaccessible for more than half a century. Written in 1851, it was issued three times by Dumas in expensive forms—once as "Le Dernier Roi des Français" and again as "L'Histoire de Louis Philippe"—but it has never been reprinted since 1853, and it is not even mentioned in the "Catalogue Raisonné des Œuvres d'Alexandre Dumas," published by Calmann-Lévy. It is true that some of the same ground is covered in the "Mémoires," accessible to English readers in a first-rate translation by Mrs. Waller, which Messrs. Methuen published in 1907; but, as Andrew Lang wrote, "the 'Mémoires' bear the same resemblance to a serious conscientious autobiography as 'Vingt Ans Après' bears to Gardiner's 'History of England.'" In the book which Mr. Garnett has translated the facts are colored by the narrator's personality, though a glance through the pages of any of the accredited historians, Louis Blanc, for instance, will show that they have not been deformed.

HISTORY, according to Dumas, had to be elevated "to the dignity of romance," but by this he meant what Macaulay did when he said that he would not be satisfied unless he produced something which would for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies. Once, when an acquaintance told Dumas that he expected a history to make some stir, Dumas replied: "Mine made none; people read it—that was all. It is the unreadable histories that make a stir; they are like dinners that you cannot digest; digestible dinners give you no cause to think of them next day." Whatever its defects, Dumas's history is always readable. I open Mr. Garnett's volumes, almost at hazard, and I come upon this account of an interview between Dumouriez and the Duke of Brunswick in 1792:—

"Then came the question of the Austrians, those kind Allies who had left the King of Prussia to bear the whole brunt of Valmy without help of any sort from them. Dumouriez broached the subject to the duke.

"What is to be done?" he asked.

"Why, you know what the song says," replied the duke—

"Boon companions, get ye gone;

When the fun's over, each to his home."

"Well, we shall go home."

"With all my heart," said Dumouriez. "But who is to pay for the fun?"

"Well, it is not our business," said the duke, scraping his nails with a penknife."

Did anyone else ever write history in this style?

It is an easy passage from Dumas's romantic histories to his historical romances. What impression do the latter leave on a reader who trusts to them for the main events and characters of French history? Allowing for

acknowledged licences of fiction, I do not think he will have a great deal to unlearn. Dumas was not a scholar, but he certainly had the true historical instinct. The course of religious warfare, of domestic intrigue, and of foreign policy is, upon the whole, fairly presented in his pages, and if he took the popular and traditional view of Catherine de Medicis and other historical figures, his Henri IV. and Louis XIV. and Richelieu and Mazarin are flesh-and-blood persons whom we know as we know people we meet every day. Historical portraiture is largely an affair of conjecture, and Dumas's amazing gallery is as good as most people's. "Concerning the last five centuries and a-half," he claimed, "I have taught France more history than any historian." The claim was not ill-founded. He has undoubtedly taught the history of France to thousands who would otherwise have known nothing about it. To sit on a sofa and read eternal new novels by Marivaux or Crébillon was Gray's idea of beatitude; and what is there in either Marivaux or Crébillon to compare with the creator of d'Artagnan and the Count of Monte Christo?

Of course, there is the question of style, that antiseptic of literary reputations. Dumas himself confessed that he lacked style above everything else, and said that he would give ten years of his life to be able to write like Victor Hugo. Yet in one of the chief elements of style, the art of conducting a dialogue, he is unsurpassed. "Light as a whipped trifle, strong as silk; wordy like a village tale; pat like a general's dispatch; with every fault, yet never tedious; with no merit, yet inimitably right," is Stevenson's verdict. And Jules Lemaitre held that he possessed "the wonderful quality of stringing out the narrative to the crack of doom, and at the same time making it appear to move with headlong rapidity." In fact, Dumas was a prince of improvisators, and his style has the defects of his qualities. It is without elegance, or power, or concision, but it has clearness, ease, and rapidity. "E pur si muove" is the proper answer to a fastidious critic whose literary conscience impels him to disparage Dumas's novels because of their want of style.

"EXCEPT for increasing the already ample means of relaxation," writes one of Dumas's biographers, "he did nothing to benefit humanity at large." I am not sure that there are many better titles to fame. The means of relaxation are not so ample nor so diffused that we can afford to despise them. "Take him for all in all," was Abraham Hayward's verdict the year after his death—

"Take him for all in all, he richly merits a niche in the Temple of Fame; and what writer does not whose multifarious productions have been equally and constantly in request in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Vienna, Calcutta, Sydney, and New York? Think of the amount of amusement and information he has diffused, the weary hours he has helped to while away, the despondency he has lightened, the sick-beds he has relieved, the gay fancies, the humorous associations, the inspiring thoughts, we owe to him."

MR. GARNETT tells us that he has been assured recently by a bookseller that the two authors continually in demand are Dickens and Dumas. The bookseller accounted for this popularity by saying that both of them enjoyed writing their books, and that in reading them one catches the infection. I think another reason is something engaging and, in the widest sense of the word, democratic about the two men. Both of them resembled the best characters in their books. Dumas's adventures as a mounted National Guardsman during the "three glorious days" of the July Revolution, and his capture almost single-handed of the royal powder magazine at Soissons, might have come straight out of one of his novels. There is a story that when he and Jules Janin met to fight a duel, Dumas, having choice of weapons, elected rapiers in preference to pistols. "Never," said Janin, "will I fight with the rapier. I know a secret which will lay you out in a moment; it would be an act of murder on my part." "Pistols!" answered Dumas, "my dear sir, I should be an assassin. I can kill a fly at forty yards, and you are considerably larger than a fly." It was a *beau geste* worthy of "The Three Musketeers," and, of course, it led to reconciliation and friendship.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

SIR MARK SYKES ON TURKEY.

"The Caliph's Last Heritage: A Short History of the Turkish Empire." By Lieut.-Col. Sir MARK SYKES, Bart., M.P. (Macmillan. 20s. net.)

THIS book consists of two parts, the first dealing very largely with Ottoman history, the second being more completely occupied with the story of the Caliphate, though the book as a whole is described as a short history of the Turkish Empire. There are many matters spoken of in the volume to which exception may well be taken. For example, the author leads off with a statement that the system of government (Ottoman) is the direct successor of that of Constantine. This is true in the same sense as the statement that the French Republic of 1915 is the direct successor of the great French Monarchy. It would be nearer the truth if, instead of Constantine, Justinian had been named, though even with that change the statement would have little value, for although the Turks adopted much of the Justinian law, its most important provisions were rendered invalid by the Sacred Law of Islam. I agree with the author that it would be wrong to think "that the Seljuks were mere predatory nomads, as partial historians love to describe them." The truth is that the history of this branch of the Turks has never, so far as the present writer knows, been clearly made out. Sir Mark observes that "there is not a single town under the Seljuks where, amid the crumbling ruins of a later day, there do not remain some solid and lasting buildings which were erected by them." In and around Konia the traveller who is acquainted with Syrian, Hittite, Greek, Roman, and Persian monuments is astonished at the excellence of the artistic work there surviving. The general designs of the buildings are excellent, and the details of the artistic work show a good taste, which, in Asia Minor, is rare. The ruins of Baalbek are grandiose and imposing, but they have nothing of the delicacy of finish about them, which is one of the characteristics of Seljukian architecture. The Hittite remains, as to which I disagree with the writer, who says that in style they are obviously allied to those of Babylonia, bear no resemblance to Seljukian. The mystery has not yet been cleared up as to whence the Seljukians obtained their inspiration. The gigantic and wonderful slabs which were presented to the Kaiser ten or a dozen years ago, and are now shown in the Berlin Museum, and which came from Mashita, bear some resemblance to Seljukian work.* Halil Bey, the Keeper of the Stambul Museum, claims that they were the product of Moslem art within the first two centuries after the death of the Prophet. I read two learned monographs by German scholars on the question which contended that during the later Roman occupation Roman art in Syria was largely influenced by Persia, and that these wonderful slabs represent Roman art at the commencement of the Islamic period. However this may be, it is clear that Seljukian workmen were better than those under the Romans, and I certainly found no trace of Persian influence amongst the Seljukian remains. Konia, which was the capital of the Seljukians, has suffered largely during the last thousand years from drought, and amongst many buildings which have disappeared it is surprising that so many of Seljukian origin remain.

On page 264 the Knights Templars are spoken of as a "counterpart of the Assassins." They are "the equally strange and mysterious association, theoretically the guardians of the Holy City and the Cross, whose ultimate policy and beliefs were as obscure as they were occult." I cannot accept the statement that their ultimate policy and beliefs were either obscure or occult. The East seems always to have had a tendency to draw men towards occultism, Laurence Oliphant, for example. But the number of such men is limited, and the practices of some of the Templars cannot justify the broad statement here made. Catholic writers generally agree that the Templars were suppressed by Philip Le Bel, principally to rob them of their great possessions. The Pope was then resident at Avignon, and was probably coerced into giving the order. The

suppression was made with unscrupulous ferocity, for which it was necessary to give some excuse. Froude's explanation is not altogether repudiated by Catholic writers, and appears to me plausible. The Order was immediately under the direction of the Church, and fears were entertained by Philip, and possibly by other sovereigns, that they were becoming a sort of Prætorian Guard who would be at the disposal of the Church rather than of the countries to which they respectively belonged. This may have constituted the danger which led to their suppression, though it is difficult to believe that the Pope would have acted against them on such grounds. Of course, when it was determined to suppress the Order there was no difficulty in bringing forward stories of secret meetings in Syria between Saracen and Templar. The author very naturally dwells on the curious intercourse between the early Turkish leaders and members of the Imperial family, and claims that this intercourse had a profound effect both upon the Turks and Christians, that it debased and demoralized the Greeks and corrupted the Turks. He then adds the general statement that "fratricide and parricide, the two crimes which most frequently stain the annals of the Imperial family, eventually formed a part of the policy of the Ottoman dynasty." He quotes the intrigue between one of the sons of Murad the First and Andronicus, son of the Greek Emperor. Others might have been given in illustration, but they are far from justifying the sweeping statement quoted. Parricide never formed part of the policy either of the Christian Empire or of Ottoman rulers. I am not acquainted with any evidence whatever to show that fratricide was ever justified by any of the Christians. Von Hammer asserts that fratricide was made legal in the Turkish Imperial family by Mahomet, the conqueror of Constantinople. Indeed, the whole of Turkish history from his day down to the middle of last century is a bloody record of the destruction of elder brothers. But the legalization was of course not due to Christian influence, but to the curious law of Turkish succession, which passes on the sword of Osman to the eldest surviving male member of the Imperial family. On page 290 there is a paragraph on the fall of Constantinople which is far from illuminating.

While the author rarely loses an opportunity of girding at the efforts of Protestant missionaries, and even protests on his honor that he has been trying to take an unbiassed view of American missionary effort, he can see nothing good in such efforts. He complains of the muddleheaded mission teachers, and asks: "Why, in the name of goodness, must foreigners come to lay waste Armenian brains in this way? Into this land of poetry and ignorance the ideas of the lowest of Anglo-Saxon savages are held up to adoration—hideous clothes, respectability, and over-eating. Practical hard materialism is the last thing wanted in this land, which only a poet or a saint could reform. When will there come a missionary with the courage of his opinions, and without a bribe of a free school, or an industry, or money to back him up? This land is waiting for him. He would die a martyr's death; but still he might achieve good instead of working incalculable evil" (p. 366). Sir Mark should remember that many such missionaries belonging to his own communion, as well as to Protestant bodies, have died a martyr's death and have achieved good instead of working incalculable evil. The complaint is simply absurd. I have probably seen more missionaries than has Sir Mark Sykes, and my testimony is that, whether Catholic or Protestant, they are doing good humanitarian work. Sir Mark's objection to missionary work is a matter of prejudice and not of reason, for he tells a good story on page 368 of a Turkish Bey calling the massacre of the Armenians "a shameful and beastly thing." Yet, on the very same page, he says that missionary effort has split up the inhabitants of Chemish Gezek into three flourishing and hostile factions, to wit, Greek, Catholic, and Protestant.

When he has to speak of the Armenians he can find nothing good about them, and even accuses the heroic Miss Shattuck of using her good offices to protect sheep-stealers; but she was an American, although he calls her an Armenian. Even American architecture, when used for missionary purposes, arouses his disgust. He shudders at the idea of the American College at Beyrout, with its "con-

* P. 475-6.

tused and brutish ornaments, its soulless front, or the solid vulgarity of the Robert College, Constantinople" (page 483).

Apart from prejudices, Sir Mark Sykes's volume is full of both useful and interesting matter. To begin at the end, the Appendix on the Kurdish Tribes of the Ottoman Empire is original work which has evidently cost much trouble, and, so far as I know, is the most trustworthy account which we have of the Kurds. But, in addition, the volume, and especially the second part, abounds in original remarks and the observations of a keen traveller. He saw the defects of Abdul Hamid's government, and tells an interesting story showing that among the Turks there were those who strongly objected to the stupidity and cruelty of the Armenian massacres twenty years ago. Sir Mark is an independent and fearless writer, who records his impressions (often very valuable) with brutal frankness. It only remains to add that the book is well illustrated by maps and photographs, and if the reader will discount the prejudices, he will have before him an extremely useful volume. I may add, in conclusion, that, so far as I have observed, Sir Mark Sykes is not acquainted with the paper on the subject of the Caliphate by the Right Hon. Ameer Ali, in the "Contemporary Review" of June, 1915. The historical and juridical sketch of the institution it contains is not only written with learning and authority, but by an Indian Moslem of high theocratic rank and singularly free from prejudice.

EDWIN PEARS.

GLIMPSES OF R. L. S.

"The Cruise of the 'Janet Nichol' among the South Sea Islands." A Diary by Mrs. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

SUCH has been the mass of *Stevensoniana* during the last ten or a dozen years that we may thoroughly endorse Mrs. Stevenson's objection to "the extraordinary number of books now being printed purporting to give accurate accounts of our lives on board ship and elsewhere by persons with whom we were very slightly acquainted, or had never consciously met." She goes on to say that "contrary to the general idea, my husband was a man of few intimate friends, and even with these he was reticent to a degree." We are led, therefore, to expect from her book, not merely descriptions of the South Seas which any traveller not acquainted with Stevenson would be equally entitled to offer, but facts about Stevenson himself which only an intimate could supply.

And here we must admit that the critic is somewhat at a disadvantage. Stevenson himself we can criticize freely, with the respect that the work of so brilliant a writer imposes on us. But we are compelled to criticize Mrs. Stevenson with much of the respect that is due to her husband. We are in some doubts as to whether we should attach value to the diary because it throws new light on R. L. S., or whether we should welcome it as a book of travel of independent interest. The latter course is forbidden, because Mrs. Stevenson has reproduced only the bald notes jotted down in her diary, and has refrained from writing them up for the good reason that her husband had already done so. On the other hand, there is so little in the book about Stevenson himself that, from the biographical point of view, three-fourths of the volume might be put aside. We mention this for the guidance of our readers, and not to deprecate the publication of a book which is put forward, in all modesty, by Mrs. Stevenson for such value as it may possess as a document.

If we read Mrs. Stevenson, then, we must follow again the route that we have already traversed with R. L. S. in the South Seas. Her diary was kept on board the steamship "Janet Nichol," which sailed from Sydney in April, 1890, touched at Auckland, in New Zealand, and voyaged from island to island among the Samoa, Manihiki, Ellice, and Marshall groups. The only saloon passengers on board were Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. Lloyd Osborne, "Tin Jack," the trader—famous as the original of Tommy Hadden in "The Wrecker"—and a member of the company that owned the vessel. Stevenson was trying to build up his health before a new bout of work at Vailima, and at the same time absorbing material for new books. This was the sort of life

that he thoroughly enjoyed. The reckless trader who served his purpose so well in "The Wrecker," the despotic king of Apemana, whose glory he enhanced by endowing him with a royal flag, the beach-combers who lived like lotus-eaters on the bounty of amiable natives, the marooned mariners, and the crowds of admiring natives—here were companions not often vouchsafed to a romantic novelist at the zenith of his fame. At every island where the ship stopped, and through the wildest surf, Louis insisted on landing, and made new acquaintances among the natives, or revisited old friends. Missionaries, traders, kings, and lesser folks received this "Tusitala" who came so strangely among them, exchanged gifts with him, pilfered his pockets, and left their children romping with him. He was enchanted by the sunset colors and the noise of the surf on the islands; he delighted in trying to make himself understood in languages of which he had but a smattering; he liked to appease an angry chief, or watch the fantastic native dances; and he was curious about the rocks and the coral, and, an amateur in geology, chipped and hammered on the reef till the natives shook their heads at his doings.

How it all seemed to Stevenson he has told us himself, and if he has painted these islands and seas, and painted words, we are at the same time sure that he has not invented or exaggerated emotions; and we have the thing as he saw it and felt it, and by dint of style he has made it live for us. But Mrs. Stevenson has been content to give us the bare bones in a chatty diaristic style. They come to an island, Lloyd and Louis go on land, or she also goes on land; the natives crowd round, and they are dressed in this way or in that way; she talks to the missionary's wife or the chief's wife, and contrives to avoid a meal of coker-nut; she returns to the ship and finds Tin Jack frightening all the lady visitors by running about in a false nose and wig. It is—we may perhaps call it so—a supplementary narrative, telling us for the most part what was happening when Stevenson was doing something else.

But still there are many pages of the book in which Stevenson himself is present. To begin with, there are some excellent photographs which show the ship and the ship's company, native villages, groups of dancers, and missionaries, traders, kings, and other groups in which R. L. S. often figures. If Stevenson, standing on the bridge of the ship, looks even more of a pirate than might have been expected, we should realize that there was a material reason for this. Tin Jack had brought some fireworks on board, and these, exploding inopportunely, nearly set the ship on fire, and incidentally burnt most of Lloyd's and Louis's reserve clothing. "Why," Louis is reported to have thought, "should a fire at sea look like a Christmas pantomime?"—which is precisely what he would have thought in one of his novels.

Stevenson had the knack of carrying his own atmosphere into whatever company he frequented, and impressing his personality on people the least literary in the world. We hear from Mrs. Stevenson of occasional gaieties on board. "Tin Jack gave a reading from Shakespeare, standing in a pulpit that was part of our cargo. Mr. Hird sang 'Allon Water' charmingly, with much grace and feeling. Lloyd sang, and Louis, taking what he saw before him as a text (it was an advertisement of Jacob's Oil), mounted the pulpit and delivered a sermon." A practical joke is played on the engineer, who has asserted that mango should be eaten with a spoon, and R. L. S. perpetrates a Scriptural pun which need not be quoted. Equally, Stevenson is at home with the native children. "Louis soon had his particular following, some three or four little girls, eight or ten years of age. They made him sit down, and then sang to him." . . . "I remember at Manihiki seeing Louis sitting with a tall boy of fourteen, beautiful as an angel, holding him round the neck, a young girl leaning over his shoulder, while a little child nestled up to his breast." And Stevenson was always notably successful in soothing the wrath of troubled princes. King Tembinoka, who had behaved very badly, and had been asked to apologize, was very sour indeed until Stevenson intervened; "but when Louis told him that under the same circumstances an English gentleman would certainly offer an apology, his countenance cleared, the apology was handsomely made and accepted, and so, all being well, the King proposed to go on board."

There are passages now and again in which Mrs.

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Stevenson entirely drops the bald, colloquial tone of her narrative, and writes in an entirely different way, in finished English, in such manner as in the following admirable paragraph, which might very well pass muster from the pen of Robert Louis himself:—

"After luncheon we went over to the village in one of the boats going for shell, landing at the white trader's house. From the first, I had been puzzled by a strange figure on the trader's veranda. When we were nearer I discovered it to be the figure-head of a wrecked ship, a very haughty lady in a magnificent costume. She held her head proudly in the air and had a fine, hooked nose. All about the trader's house were great piles of timber, and in one of the rooms a piano woefully out of tune, and other signs of the wreck of a big ship. It was a timber vessel, they told us, this last one, that went to pieces just outside the reef. Numbers of houses are being built of the boards by the more thriftily-minded of the islanders. One of the sailors cast ashore still remains here, a gentle, soft-eyed youth from Edinburgh, now fairly on the way to become a beach-comber. Fortunate lad! His future is assured; no more hard work, no more nipping frosts and chilly winds; he will live and die in dreamland, beloved and honored and tenderly cared for all the summer days of his life. He already speaks the native tongue, not only fluently, but in the genteel native manner, raising and lowering his eyebrows in the most approved fashion as he whispers to the elderly dames matter that is no doubt better left untranslated."

Can anyone fail to see in that paragraph the language and the sentiment of R. L. Stevenson himself? Does not such a figure come straight to us from "Ebb-Tide," and are not the vocabulary, the thought and feeling, the same—Stevenson's own, impressed by some sort of sympathy upon the pages of this diary?

LITERARY TRIFLES.

"Old Familiar Faces." By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. (Jenkins. 5s. net.)

REFLECTIONS, recollections, reminiscences, afterthoughts, memoirs, and memories have nowadays somehow left literature alone. The heroes of gossip to-day are statesmen, boxers, jockeys, foreign princesses, generals, captains of industry, and Monte Carlo breakers of banks, rather than men of letters. The reason for this, on the whole desirable, change of ground is not far to seek. In the first place, the only material available is Victorian. And the Victorians are so remote from this generation, and this generation is now so remote from the reaction against the Victorians, that the latter are positively beginning to swim in the haze of a golden age! Besides, who can imagine a lava-flow of recollections about the writers of the present? For one thing, they are not at all diffident themselves, either directly or in the transparent raiment of fiction to shout copious autobiography. And, however much we may pride ourselves on our modernism, nobody can deny that our gudgeon do not come up to the Victorian salmon. But the most patent justification against literary reminiscence of to-day is not so much the fact that the contemporaries of the Victorians, skilled in personal allusion, have not survived into the present, as that there is little more of intrinsic interest for us to learn. To put it quite frankly, we have had enough, and more than enough, outside the standard biographies, of Borrow's *gaucheries*, of Swinburne's invective and rambles on Putney Heath, of Morris's boisterousness, of Tennyson's country seat, of Browning's conjugal felicity, of Rossetti's insomnia and Arabian Night wanderings in the Haymarket. Not that these personal sketches, if lightly treated, have not a legitimate and agreeable place. It is only when they become a refrain as repetitive as that in the second idyll of Theocritus that they hang like a millstone about our necks.

It is these considerations that make the late Theodore Watts-Dunton's book, in so far as it revolves about the familiar figures, look a little forlorn. Part of the sketches is sheer literary gossip, part casual literary discussions suggested by the subject with whom he is dealing at the moment, and part obituary notices reprinted from "The Athenæum." The most obvious feature about the

book is that its selection of theme and treatment seems to have caught Watts-Dunton in a dilemma. It is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. For, on the one hand, it is only half-committed to the biographical details of personal knowledge, and, on the other hand, to objective criticism. Watts-Dunton, that is to say, had largely exhausted his biographical stores elsewhere, when it came to collecting the subject-matter of this book for the press. We constantly find him trembling on the brink of an anecdote, and then, pulling himself up short, reminding us that the embryonic story has seen the light in another of his works. So he is almost forced to reinforce his scanty stock by odds and ends of criticism, which are not seldom irrelevant to his discussion. They peer in a fragmentary sort of way out of the pages, like a chicken that has, indeed, broken its egg, but still remains inside it. The quite exceptional number of printer's errors in the book make us suspicious that the book has not, since Watts-Dunton's death, undergone adequate revision. At any rate, these critiques are frequently not only under-weighed, but their validity is quite inadmissible. He is far too chary, for instance, in his essay on Rossetti, and illustrating his *data* exclusively from Rossetti's methods, of granting any kind of "rhythmic life" to prose at all. In his little article, again, on Tennyson, he supports his theory that "artistic poetry" was never "apparent to the many" by this extraordinary statement:—

"Is it supposable, for instance, that even the voice of Chaucer—is it supposable that even the voice of Shakespeare—would have succeeded in winning the contemporary ear had it not been for that great mass of legendary and romantic material which each of these found ready to his hand, waiting to be moulded into poetic form?"

The fact that practically *all* the Elizabethans adapted "legendary and romantic material" to their artistic purpose, and that numbers of them had their popularity confined to exclusively academic cliques, is sufficient answer to so curious an example. And his insistence on Tennyson's "splendid intellect" and unique penetration as a metaphysician is altogether too, shall we say, wayward for argument. Then, again, his strictures on Christina Rossetti's poetic inspiration, because she was not sufficiently "learned in Nature" will not pass muster for a moment. On that basis, you might almost say that the better botanist a man, the better poet he will be, and that Shenstone, Thomson, Akenside, and their fraternity, are the best Nature-poets because they have devoted a more minute observation to the habits of the thrush and the nightingale than Milton or Shakespeare. And, to whatever extent Morris was influenced by Rossetti's theories of poetic fitness, there is surely no substance in Watts-Dunton's statement that Morris, a humorist in conversation, should have kept humor out of his poetic dramas owing to æsthetic dogma. Otherwise, we should have had more of it in his prose.

On the whole, therefore—the portions of gossip neither adding much to our knowledge or being of arresting psychological significance—the essays on the more famous Victorians are not of great interest. More valuable are the three articles devoted to the memories of Dr. Gordon Hake (1809-1898), Lord de Tabley (1835-1895), and Francis Hinde Groome (1851-1902). Hake, the "parable-poet," the cousin of General Gordon, the intimate friend of Borrow, and the author of "Valdarno," "New Symbols," "Madeline, and other Poems," "Parables and Tales," and a collection of pantheistic sonnets called "The New Day," has swum entirely out of our ken. Rossetti's crayon-drawing of him, published in Mrs. Meynell's selection of his works, is reproduced in this volume. This generation, indeed, chiefly remembers him from the asperities he directed against Borrow in his autobiography, "Memoirs of Eighty Years." Watts-Dunton talks pleasantly about him, but when it comes to critical analysis of his works, he saves himself by that famous crutch of the—well, uncertain critic—there is about him "a certain *je ne sais quoi*!" It was certainly worth while writing a note on Lord de Tabley, whose verse, forgotten now, has at times a classical restraint and vigor. "Orpheus in Hades," for instance, cannot be ignored by the lover of poetry. Groome is chiefly remarkable for his knowledge of the Romanies, a knowledge far more profound and

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searching than Borrow's. Borrow, for instance, to the best of our knowledge, did not, unlike Groome, know the Roumelian dialect of the gypsies. His acquaintance with gipsy lore in his Romany novel "Kriegspiel" (a title that has done as much as his lack of any sense of structure to keep him still begging of Fame), and "In Gipsy Tents" was certainly the widest in the small late Victorian circle of Lavengrists. He hardly knew Borrow at all, and there were no points of compatibility in their different temperaments. His father was FitzGerald's intimate friend. It is in thumb-nail studies like these that the real value of this rather inchoate volume lies.

FICTION OF QUALITY.

"My People." By CARADOC EVANS. (Melrose. 5s. net.)

"Pointed Roofs." By DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON. Introduction by J. D. BERESFORD. (Duckworth. 6s.)

WHY very little good literature has come out of Wales we leave it for patriots to say. Admitting that the emotional genius of the people has satisfied itself in song and preaching and the fervor of chapel meetings, it would appear that Welsh life suffers from its fervent parochialism, and while Capel Sion and Capel Salem dominate the imagination of the countryside, that poetical and artistic liberty of expression is banned to-day, even as the Scottish Kirk frowned on Burns. Until the settled conservatism of Welsh rural life, reinforced by centuries of inbreeding, has been broken by a rush of influences coming from without, we doubt whether even a Synge could take root in the slatey soil of Welsh life. There would be no audience to respond to him.

By such considerations, more or less valid, we think the "well-known man of letters" must have been influenced in pronouncing that "My People" is "the best literature that has so far come out of Wales." We know ourselves nothing to put beside these merciless, sardonic silhouettes of Welsh peasant ways. The sketches may have been inspired by Maupassant's studies of the Normandy peasantry. But, anyway, what is remarkable is their incisive edge and concentrated force. Not a single comment or superfluous word mars their tense directness. Mr. Evans does not spare his own people. Should readers object that his portrait of the respected Joseph Bryn-Bevan, the ruler of Capel Sion, is only typical by its national malice, he will probably reply that spiritual tyranny is best attacked by satire. More to the point is the criticism that not only the minister but all the leading worthies of the parish of Troedfaur, such as Sadrach, the big farmer, and Lloyd the Schoolin', Rhys Shop and Owen Tygwyn, Old Shemmi and Abel Shones, are only silhouettes. These men may be true types, acting and speaking as in real life, but the artistic effect is as though one were following the intimate conversations of people one has yet to meet face to face. Perhaps Mr. Caradoc Evans has not the gift of individualization; or perhaps his design is not to impair the austere force of his Biblical method. But undoubtedly the artistic craft of "My People" lies no little in the way in which the elders of Capel Sion show themselves to be saturated in the phraseology of the Old Testament. They cloak their worldly uncharitableness and envy with texts and prayers and Sabbath observances. The pharisaism of minds that connote outward piety and worldly success is scarified in the majority of these sketches. Now it is Sadrach Dany-refail who locks his unfortunate wife, Ashsah, in the loft, grown crazy from bearing too many children, and sets the strange woman and Martha in her place "to comfort me in my tribulation and to mother you, my children." But the children wither away one by one, and when poor Ashsah escapes from her prison to peer through the hedge at her son's wedding procession, it is to find that out of the eight children she has borne to Sadrach six are lying in the chapel graveyard. The majority of the sketches, though less tragic in tone, are no less unsparing in their scorn of the uncharitableness and self-righteousness of the Welsh Holy Willies. We see the pious Joshua lamenting publicly in Capel Sion the sins of his foolish sister, Betti, and then despoiling her of her mortgaged patrimony. We see the unscrupulous Abiam Bowen turning his feeble

father-in-law out of his farm of Penlon, and exiling him and his old wife to Nanni's mud-walled, straw-thatched cottage. We see the family of the minister, Bern-Davydd, conspiring to disgrace the unfortunate workhouse girl, Lissi, with whom the son of the house, the stubborn Adam, is in love. Doubtless the picture of Welsh miners is one-sided. But its defence, we imagine, will be that it helps to redress the balance which has so long been tilted by Cymric eloquence to the side of self-praise. However, Mr. Caradoc Evans will, we trust, lose no time in seconding these biting, merciless sketches by a broader piece of portraiture of the life of the community from which he has sprung.

Mr. J. D. Beresford makes several interesting points in his prefatory eulogy of Miss D. M. Richardson's "Pointed Roofs," a study of a young English governess's days in a German school. The author, indeed, breaks new ground. Nothing we have read for years conveys so admirably the fundamental differences between the German and the English spirit. And this is because the author's sensitive impressionistic method is saturated with intense feminine feeling, like a brush on the palette, which takes up and makes a new blend of every color it touches. Mr. Beresford puts it this way: "Miriam is, indeed, one with life. . . . She is, I think, the first novelist who has gone head under and become a very part of the human element she has described." High praise this, penned by a writer who himself has brought to his own analysis of human relations rare intellectual keenness. But it is perfectly true that Miss Richardson's art owes its high distinctive quality to her extraordinary emotional intuitiveness. She has the feminine instinct for deducing the things that count from a tiny, significant detail, from apprehending the internal flow and flux of life from a new shade of tone, or from the changing ripples on the stream's surface. But what is rare is that she can reproduce by impressionistic dots and dashes a most complex sense of the fulness and richness of the movement and mass of the sea of foreign life around her. Accordingly, as Mr. Beresford urges, we, the readers, find ourselves, like this English girl, Miriam, being swallowed up and steadily absorbed by the German atmosphere at Fräulein Pfaff's. Miriam is characteristically English in her likings and dislikings, while most femininely receptive to the impress of personalities and things, and while floating happily enough on the tide of German feeling, German sentiment, German manners and management, she shakes herself now and again, like a duck when it emerges from the water. There is enormous if unconscious humor in this vivid presentation of the merging and clash of the English and the German attitude to life, and we can only echo the heroine's "My goodness!" when she has been submerged overlong in the stream of Teutonic sentiment. But we despair of giving any adequate idea of Miss Richardson's subtly receptive, analytically subjective style of composition, and we quote at hazard a passage typical enough, one that describes the heroine's reaction against the German man:—

"Why not grimace and be very 'bright' and 'animated' until the end of the term and then go and stay with the Bergmanns for two months and be as charming as she could? . . . Her heart sank. . . . She imagined a house, everyone kind and blond and smiling. Emma's big, tall brother smiling and joking and liking her. She would laugh and pretend and flirt like the Pooles and make up to him—and it would be lovely for a little while. Then she would offend someone. She would offend everyone but Emma—and get tired and cross and lose her temper. Stare at them all as they said the things everybody said, the things she hated; and she would sit glowering, and suddenly refuse to allow the women to be familiar with her. . . . She tried to see the brother more clearly. She looked at the screen. 'The Bergmanns' house would be full of German furniture. . . . At the end of a week every bit of it would reproach her.

"She tried to imagine him without the house and the family, not talking or joking or pretending . . . alone and sad . . . despising his family . . . needing her. He loved forests and music. He had a great, strong, solid voice, and was strong and sure about everything, and she need never worry any more.

'Seit ich ihn gesehen
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.'

There would be a garden and German springs and summers

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and sunsets and strong, kind arms and a shoulder. She would grow so happy. No one would recognize her as the same person. She would wear a band of turquoise-blue velvet ribbon round her hair and look at the mountains. . . . No good. She could never get out to that. Never. She could not pretend long enough. Everything would be at an end long before there was any chance of her turning into a happy German woman.

"Certainly with a German man she would be angry at once. She thought of the men she had seen—in the streets, in cafés and gardens, the masters in the school, photographs in the girls' albums. They had all offended her at once. Something in their bearing and manner. . . . Blind and impudent. . . . She thought of the interview she had witnessed between Ulrica and her cousin—the cousin coming up from the estate in Erfurth, arriving in a carriage, Fräulein's manner, her smiles and hints; Ulrica standing in the saal in her sprigged saffron muslin dress curteying . . . with bent head, the cousin's condescending laughing voice. It would never do for her to go into a German home. She must not say anything about the chance of going to the Bergmanns' even to Eve."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Epistles from Deep Seas." By J. E. PATTERSON. (Simpkin, Marshall. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. PATTERSON'S budget of observations and anecdotes of life on a sailing ship is based on records written twenty-five years ago, when the author was a fore-mast hand. He describes the life as rough and often brutal, and his book is an unconventional collection of strange happenings and odd superstitions. Many of these old sailor superstitions are things of the past, now that steam rules the seas, but Mr. Patterson holds that much of the sea's ancient magic still retains a place in the minds of Finns and the majority of home-trading Mediterranean sailors, except perhaps the French. His book can be recommended to readers who care for such things, as well as to all who wish to know more about the old-time shell-backs.

The Week in the City.

SINCE last week the Stock Exchange has been depressed by the issue of the French Loan over here; for French Rentes to yield over 6 per cent. make all kinds of gilt-edged securities, including Consols, look dear. Americans also have drooped, as the London and New York Exchanges have been firmer, thanks to the considerable American purchases for the French Loan. It is a pity that the Treasury does not make haste to remove the remainder of its minimum prices. Surely this will be done before Christmas? Of course, the stocks still subject to this embargo are almost all unsaleable, and the greatest inconvenience is caused to liquidators. Home industrials have been remarkably firm, but owing to the latest recruiting boom the shortage of labor is threatening to put an end to manufacturing business in many parts of the country. From one part of Scotland, for example, a large industrialist wrote the other day to a firm "that conditions are very rapidly approaching a state of complete chaos, and that very shortly industry will be at a practical standstill, except for the feverish activity of munition work." There is a shortage, not only of mill hands, but of railway waggons, cartage, dock accommodation, and, of course, shipping. No wonder that prices are still rising fast. But, thanks mainly to public extravagance, the atmosphere of fictitious

prosperity has not yet been dispelled. In Germany the working classes have had a good deal of privation all the time, and now the credit of the German Government is beginning to quaver. On Tuesday New York reported another break in the exchange in Berlin. The mark is now at a 20 per cent. discount, after having been steady from spring to autumn at a discount of about 14 per cent. Although the Stock Exchange is not speculating on peace, there is an undercurrent of intelligent anticipation which helps to maintain markets, in spite of the fearful drain of borrowing and taxation.

THE FRENCH WAR LOAN.

Through the London issue, the prospectus for which made its appearance this week, the British investor is offered an opportunity of buying the new 5 per cent. French Rentes at a price which will yield him 6½ per cent. The Rentes are not definitely redeemable, but may be redeemed after January 1st, 1931; the interest is secured on the general revenues of the French Republic. British holders of 3 per cent. and 3½ per cent. Rentes and French Government Treasury Bills are offered attractive conversion terms. The proceeds will, it is understood, be devoted to liquidating outstanding obligations of the French to the British Government, and a subscription to the issue is as direct an assistance to the finance of the war as would be a subscription to our own British War Loans. In fact, a hearty response will have the effect of postponing the urgency for the next British Loan. How unique is the opportunity offered to the investor is shown by the depreciation of gilt-edged securities that followed the issue. Not only is the yield remarkably attractive, but the chances of capital appreciation are bright. Thanks to the low level of the New York Exchange, Americans can buy the issue to yield them about 7 per cent., and substantial purchases are being made from the other side of the Atlantic.

THE P. & O. REPORT.

The P. & O. accounts have been "simplified." This, however, means that much useful information to the shareholders and the investing public has been omitted from the report, and to a great extent removes the basis of comparison with previous results. All that can be deduced from the report is that, after providing for all working charges and for depreciation, the profit for the year ending September 30th, 1915, amounts to £594,160, as compared with £354,469 a year ago, that is before the accounts were benefiting from the absorption of the British India Steam Navigation Co. The increase in capital thereby entailed is responsible for an increase of £35,000 in the amount required to pay the Preferred Stock dividend of 5 per cent., while the Deferred distribution of 15 per cent. requires £95,681 more for the same reason. Provision for the actuarial liability incurred under a non-contributory pension scheme requires £100,000, and the carry-forward is increased by £9,500. Drastic alterations have been made on the assets side of the balance-sheet. Four items, including cash and investments, land, coal, steam tenders, &c., have been compressed into one, which shows an increase over the aggregate of the separate items last year of over £2,995,000, at £6,454,000. The book value of the fleet is £1,207,613 higher, at £4,507,159, no depreciation allowances being shown, but the payment on account of new ships is £1,130,000 lower, at £256,220. The report states that little benefit was derived from high freights, while 31 vessels are under Government charter at very moderate rates. The yield on the Deferred stock at the present quotation is £5 2s. 9d. per cent.

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